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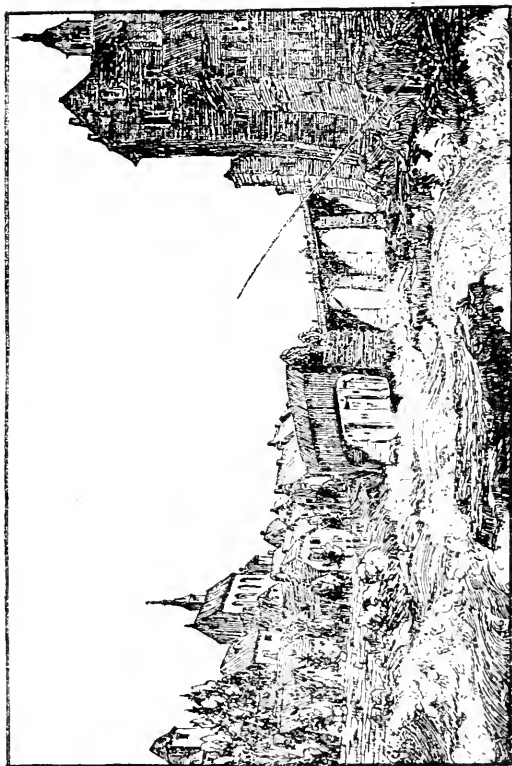


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FATHER RHINE

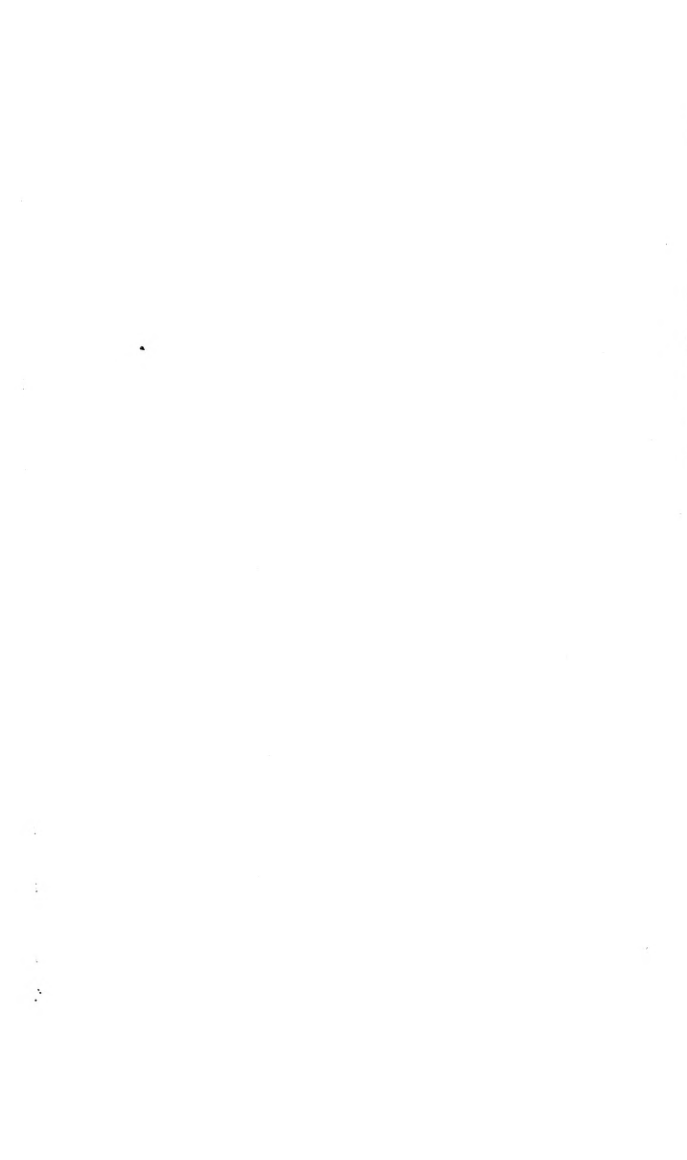


THE RAPIDS OF LAUFENBURG

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Father Rhine



To
H. v. E. S.

TO WHOM BOOK AND AUTHOR OWE SO MUCH

PREFACE

THE following pages are intended to show how much can be done and seen in three weeks for twelve pounds. We started from London on the night of August 1, and were due back in England on the morning of the 20th ; but within this short space we were able to get to the very source of the Rhine and back, mostly by boat and bicycle. Nor did our economy compel us, as a pessimistic friend suggested, to live on sausage and sauerkraut, and sleep one night at the " Hôtel Norfolk Howard," and the next at the " Grosser Floh " or the " Bacillus von Deutschland." Our quarters, however modest, were always clean, and generally very roomy : our food was plentiful and good.

Here and there I have altered names and incidents for discretion's sake, and here and there the reader's own judgment may suggest a pinch of salt ; but I have kept faithfully all through to my main purpose of giving a just impression of a Bohemian tour on the Rhine—its charms and varied chances, the beauty of the river, and the good nature

of the people. I have passed quickly over such well-known places as Cologne and Heidelberg, to describe more fully other spots which are still less known than they deserve.

There will be found in the Appendix a fairly complete list of distances and expenses, with a few other practical hints for the journey.

FATHER RHINE

CHAPTER I

“Nil ego praetulerim jucundo sanus amico.”

—HORACE.

ON the night of the 1st of August 1898, two cloaked horsemen might have been seen on the platform of the Parkeston Quay Station, speaking in commanding tones to the knaves and varlets who pressed obsequiously round them, and exhorting these rascallions, under peril of their ears, to see the iron steeds safe on board the boat for Rotterdam. The taller of the two, who twists half a dozen links from the heavy gold chain round his neck, and casts them among the rabble—forgive me, dear reader; this strain is above me: I took them out of my right-hand pocket, and they were only coppers; but the porters, if not slavishly deferential, were at least civil and handy, and our machines were soon on board. Let me introduce you now to my travelling companion and old college friend.

Henry Schultz has nothing German about him but his name (and on this occasion, I must add, his straw hat). An accomplished mathematician, he is also familiar with the noblest poets, orators, and historians of antiquity, and more especially with such portions of them as are commonly set for a Pass Degree at either university. French he will talk you classically, if not fluently; but he never could bend his tongue to the rough Teutonic idiom, any more than Mrs Battle could condescend to the ignoble phraseology of cribbage. A cricketer of fame (was not I myself present some ten years ago, when a public-school boy at the Cologne table d'hôte asked him whether he was *the* Schultz, and quite forgot the rest of his ice pudding on receiving an affirmative answer!); a golfer of almost equal proficiency; a painfully energetic cyclist, as in due time you shall see—these are but a few of his superficial accomplishments, for I make no attempt here to catalogue his genuine virtues. You will understand now why I chose this motto for my first chapter; for you doubtless remember, dear reader, that it is with reference to his own little tour with Virgil and Mæcenas that Horace tells us he knows nothing like an old friend—a sentiment which will be heartily echoed by all who have tried

travelling in the same way—unconditionally by the single, and by the married with all proper marital reservations.

Our plan this time is ambitious—no less than to trace and retrace the whole course of the Rhine within the only eighteen clear days we have at our disposal. We knew it must needs be a great rush, but the idea had fascinated us; we felt that even this dizzy succession of changing scenes would have a charm of its own, and that thus, in some ways, we should learn more of the characteristics and contrasts of land and people by a plan which enabled us to see it all, as it were, at one sweeping glance. Nearly all of the route we had already seen in detail at other times; the rest we knew by books; and in these eighteen days we hoped rapidly to skim the cream of it all. That in this we succeeded to our own complete satisfaction, is my best excuse for publishing an account of our tour as a guide for future tourists. We ourselves spent eighteen days of bliss, only so far alloyed as to give it the necessary human consistency. Yet, among one's later memories of even the happiest holiday, few things stand out in brighter colours than those first moments of anticipation; and few men ever started with more confident hopes of enjoyment than we, as the ship ploughed her way through the tran-

quilt starlit sea; and we sat recalling memories of former holidays until prudence warned us to go below and snatch that somewhat unquiet sleep, which is the most that mortals dare hope for, even on the most unruffled passage.

CHAPTER II

“ Now the world is all before us.”

Aug. 2, 1898.

THE Hook of Holland: six o'clock on a brilliant morning: a calm passage behind us, and the whole Continent before us! Not even twenty years ago, when we first travelled together in our undergraduate days, did the world seem fresher to us, or fuller of pleasant surprises. Here is the well-ordered little station, with everything as trim and as Dutch as can be, built and arranged for our exclusive use who have come over in the Great Eastern boat: here are the two trains snorting with impatience, ready to hurry us off to Hanover or Cologne at our choice—nay, even to Switzerland, if we care to make our way into the through carriage for Bâle: but we don't care, for we are going to “do” the Rhine by boat. However, for the moment we must desert the river, for our time is limited, and this morning we must catch the Netherlands Steamship Co. boat which starts from Rotterdam at seven. So we creep rather reluctantly into the train; and I, for my part, cannot help looking wist-

fully at the broad waters that come down from Rotterdam, and thinking of the lazy voyages I have made on their bosom in days gone by, after all the perils of the deep. And I see again that first crossing, nineteen years ago—how we passed a steamer that had been cast on the stone bank, and how the big waves raced along her sides, and swept her deck, and lifted her and banged her down again on the stones; and how our own captain hove-to outside the bar, and for ten mortal minutes debated whether he dare risk to cross it, or whether we must put back again and pitch for a few hours more on the pitiless sea that had tossed our souls out all that night; and how at last he risked it, and we were soon in calm water, and gradually the souls came back to our bodies; and presently three pale and haggard brothers staggered ashore upon a heaving quay, and crept wide-legged, sailor-fashion, along the heaving pavement of the Hoogstraat, and even partook with some appetite, at the Hôtel St Lucas, of veal chops which bobbed up and down so erratically before our eyes that it seemed almost a miracle when we picked a bit up on our forks. How often since, in peril of the deep, have I thought of that first crossing in 1879, and said to myself, “o passi graviora—”

And then the last of all, on New Year's morning, 1891, when the whole broad river was a mass of floating ice, and the sun rose like blood through hard lines of mist that looked like a prison grating, until he gradually burst the bars and flamed up over the whole sky, and the thin threads of clear water made a wonderful arabesque of crimson and orange in and out of the colder grey of the great ice-floes. And up we pushed among it all, and jostled and charged and splintered through the heavy masses; and at last, a mile or two from Rotterdam, behold one huge floe that stretched almost across the river! Yet we charged through it merrily enough at first, but gradually the engines laboured more and more heavily, and it seemed as though the panting ship could hardly wag, and the trees all but stood still on the bank; and then suddenly a great rending crack, and the last hundred yards of the mass split in front of our bows, and the engines galloped on again, and I was able to catch my train and skate all day in the sunshine among the holiday-makers at Gouda, and reached Emmerich at night, to find the river frost-bound at last into a solid mass.

But that was in the old days, when there was no cause for hurry; to-day we must press on to catch the Rhine boat. So we get in, and take our morning coffee cold

in the train, with chunks of real English holiday-cake, prepared by the same provident maternal hands that have stocked so many school hampers in the old days. We press a slice upon a youth in the opposite corner, who had produced a small dry bun from its paper bag; he accepts it coyly, but eats it with the appetite of sixteen years. Upon my word, I have the appetite of sixteen too; give me another chunk, and let me have another pannikin of coffee with plenty of milk, and I'll drink to the health of those who provided us with both! A German, our other fellow-passenger, declines the cake, but will not be outdone in politeness: he offers us his one remaining peach out of a basket of three. I declined, prudent even in holiday time for my stomach's sake and mine often infirmities; but Schultz accepted with frank alacrity, and the German tried not to watch the juice dripping out of the corners of his mouth, as Sir P. Sidney must have turned his eyes away from the cold water he had sacrificed. Poor beggar, he was going to Cologne!

Meanwhile we had hurried over the flat, fresh, dewy fields; past Schiedam, girt with its great ring of windmills that stand and swing their arms on the ancient ramparts; and now we come to Rotterdam, and run for a few minutes level with the

second stories of the houses, and see the inmates as busy in their rooms as any colony of working ants at the Crystal Palace ; and then the market-place heaped with cool green garden - produce, and thronged with figures in the cleanest white and blue linen : and here is the station, and we must get out. A brief but bitter struggle with the porters, who know just enough English to be a nuisance to us ; and now at last we are allowed to carry our own modest luggage in peace to the boat. In ten minutes we are there ; our luggage is stowed in the cosy little cabin we had written to engage ; and we are free to stroll about the deck and take stock of our fellow-passengers before the boat starts. A double Dutch family—by which I mean a grandmother with two daughters and two sets of grandchildren—with English books and magazines to read, and a healthy, pleasant, English look about them all, (for we are both insular enough to find no word of greater praise in all our vocabulary)—a honeymooning couple—a clergyman in mufti with his wife—half a dozen second-class passengers—just enough, in fact, to give life to the boat, but with plenty of elbow-room for us all.

Presently we cast loose from the quay, and steamed out of Rotterdam in the same steady sunshine ; and the ship turned her

head south-eastward, and pounded up stream, straight in the eye of the sun, while we found a delicious shady nook for ourselves just in the stern, "with seats for two but not for three," and a little round table all to ourselves, and the Netherland flag flapping lazily over our heads, and the Rhine water swirling away almost at our feet. We brought out grapes, packed up for us by kind sisterly forethought; we brought out cameras and sketch-books and diaries; the fragrant pipe of morn was kindled, and a misanthropic-looking waiter brought us coffee—how it must stir his bile to see our childish enjoyment of the journey! Men came round our way, and looked, and departed in envy of us: girls tripped round, and looked, and tripped off again: the honey-mooning couple mooned stealthily round our corner, scenting out a nest for themselves, and turned away quickly like the rest, envying us in our little nook of Eden. It is very pleasant to settle oneself into a corner like this, when there is none other so snug on board the whole ship! We were conscious that this quiet retreat had been predestined for us from all eternity; it was for us, and us alone, that the good ship was ploughing her way straight towards the sun and the Alps, and the water was dancing so merrily away from under

our feet, and the sparkling waves faded into a thin white streak of foam that seemed like the clue we were drawing from England behind us. Dort with its square-topped tower came and went, as sleepy-looking as its name seems to imply; and the ship turned due east for a while now; but we lolled still in the shade, thinking of that old sketch of John Leech's, and heartily pitying "those pore nobs in their kerridges, this 'ot weather." Those whom we had left in the train at Rotterdam—where were they now? That prosperous fat man, with several pounds of gold chains and seals; the whole flock of liberated schoolmasters whom I had watched into the Bâle carriage, thinking with momentary envy that they had seven clear weeks of Switzerland before them—where were they? In what stifling heat! what jar, what rattle, what dust, what emanations! what shifts to get away from the sun that yet beats pitilessly through the thin curtain, and to make the most of the draught that is so hot and dry at the best! Our own compassionate German of the juicy peach, what would he give at this moment for a drop of Pilsener to wet the tip of his tongue? And we? one word—one nod—to the misanthropic waiter, and he would bring us gallons! But we don't even want it; here are our grapes, our coffee, our cool

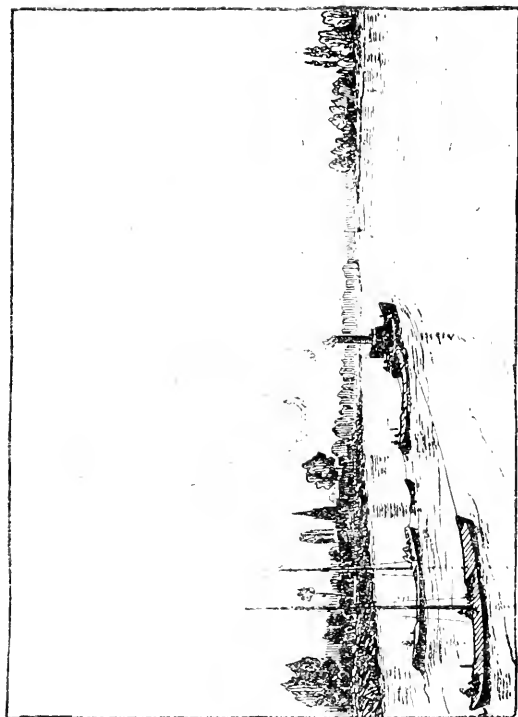
breeze down the broad Rhine ; and this is the first day of our holiday, and everything is as bright and new as a shilling straight from the Bank. The Dutch family looks so fresh home from the wash, as if it had been laid up in lavender to be brought out as an ornament for to-day. Bright flags on all the masts, and from cottage windows ; and it was almost with a sense of disappointment that we learned this was in honour of the Queen Regent's birthday, and not merely to grace the river for *our* journey.

Dort is far behind now, and we have passed the waste of reedy waters, flecked with white sails, that leads into Holland Diep, and Haringvliet, and the vast mouths of the greater Rhine. We no longer coast under the lee of long islands, where our swell careers in miniature breakers over the tiny beach, or swishes among the reeds, making them bow, and jerk up again, and bow once more, as if they enjoyed the fun. It is all one broad channel now, and we are in the midst of rural Holland. Little villages glide past us on either hand, each with its little quay on its own little creek, where the reeds and purple loose-strife die away for a moment, and leave a narrow inlet of smooth water. The cottages all look clean and well-to-do, mostly with white-

washed walls and green shutters, and rich red-tiled roofs. Here and there a better house, shaded by verandahs of rose or clematis, with a tiny lawn like a billiard-table, and masses of geraniums, seen by glimpses through the spick and span railings, and a tiny summer-house, like a little thatched stable-lantern at the very water's edge. And then neat little cottages again, and blue and white linen hung out to dry, with long-drawn reflections on the oily stream; girls that come down to dip their pails into our Rhine; one sturdy, middle-aged woman striding down the street with a bucket in each hand, and a muslin cap on her head; we pass almost near enough to see the gold corkscrew horns at her ears. Here again a shipwright's yard, with heavy old-world boats on the stocks, and the air all alive with the busy tapping of the caulkers' mallets; a foreman who has leisure to shout greetings to the passing boats. And here, on the river, are little steam-tugs that race us for fun when they have no other work to do; crowds of sailing barges with their great tanned sails; heavy lighters that have brought down hewn stone from the Upper Rhine, and are being towed back now with Dutch goods on board; hay-boats big enough to carry a whole stack like those we see along the bank, under their queer

movable bed-testers of thatch ; for by this time the little village is growing small in the distance, and we have flat green fields full of lazy cows, almost as many wind-mills as trees, and distant church towers all round the horizon. But now another creek, another village ; white and blue linen again, and a formal little summer-house, and masses of scarlet geraniums, and the pleasant music of the caulkers' mallets. Nay, even the same sturdy woman with her two pails and her muslin cap—or are we dreaming it all again ? for dreamily it all passes through the blue wreaths from our pipes, and time is only marked by the ding-dong of our ship's bell, and the answering bell over the water, that announce at wide intervals the approach of some landing-place. We bring out our chart to convince ourselves of the reality of it all, and pore over the queer old-world names : Zaltbommel, with its strange group of towers ; Lövestein, whence Grotius was smuggled out of prison in a chest by his wife ; Gorcum facing Worcum across the river ; Heukelum and Gellicum, just away to the right ; and here some familiar string is touched, and Schultze begins to hum, in memory of college days :—

From Heukelum to Gellicum is nineteen miles,
From Gellicum to Heukelum is nineteen miles, etc. etc.



NEAR ZALTBOMMEL

and we feel to know now at last why the absurd old refrain about Wimbledon and Wombledon used always to be chosen for a Dutch chorus in those convivial days when Plancus was consul.

CHAPTER III

“This hill is dangerous: the cyclist is requested to use all possible precautions.”

ROYAL NETHERLANDISH CYCLISTS' UNION.

LUNCH came in due time, and, after lunch, Nymegen; and as by this time it was three o'clock, and we were sated with lotus-eating, we made up our minds to leave the boat for a while and ride through Cleve to Emmerich. We photographed Nymegen with all its towers as we came up to the quay, and sighed to think of all the colour that the camera would fail to record—the rich crimsons and purples of wall and roof, and the forest of gay flags, and the fresh green woods that clothe the hill behind the town. We found the old church in its rich late-gothic brick courtyard, with elaborate gateway of the same date: and then we rode up through the town, and on by a gradual ascent, through cool suburbs and woods; wondering at the neat villas and châteaux whose gardens lay practically open to the road; pelted with so-called confetti by a party of girls and men in a char-a-bancs, who painfully resembled a

crew of English beanfeasters. A halt to drink "sputwater" at a wayside cottage among the trees (it was plain unalcoholic seltzer, and cost but one halfpenny a bottle): presently the crest of the hill, with a large hotel in the wood by the roadside, and crowds of gaily-dressed patriots celebrating the Queen Regent's birthday with other than sputwater, and the trees hung thick with paper lanterns for the evening's dance; and then the road began to slope gently downwards, still through cool woods. Presently the trees thinned away, and we approached the brow of something like a real hill; and here, to our surprise, we found this startling red-and-yellow caution-board. I interpreted this to Schultz, not a little pleased in my heart to think how much Dutch I knew, and how useful it might be in an emergency. He needed no warning, for he rides a "Whippet" with a free wheel and rim brakes, and can therefore coast anywhere with his feet on the pedals; but I was sufficiently impressed by the red-and-yellow board to go on gingerly for the next half mile, after which I realized how matters stood, and rattled off half a dozen Dutch place-names to relieve my feelings, and put my feet up, and soon caught sight of Schultz again at the bottom of a delicious slope some mile and a half long. I have

read since that Nymegen is the only place in Holland (barring church towers) whence a view is to be obtained ; so, as patriotism no doubt dictates that there should be one danger-board in Holland, that is plainly the right place for it.

I, who belonged to no cycling association, had my misgivings about the German frontier, which we knew we were to cross at a place called Wilde ; but, in fact, we crossed it unawares, and were still looking out for Wilde when we found ourselves at Cranenburg, in undeniable German territory. Here we found a fine Gothic church of brick and grey stone. On again over level country, planted mainly with unripe rye, and with oats that compared very unfavourably with those I had seen between Newmarket and Bury ; enormous bushes of wild chicory, with its hard, blue flowers, among the roadside grass ; in front, a long sandy ridge covered with fir-woods, at the end of which we could already see the towers of Cleve. Beyond, a distant fringe of trees marked the course of the Rhine ; and the two fine churches of Elten and Eltenburg stood out behind, on the side and the summit of a really respectable hill. Presently the road ran for two or three miles through an avenue of limes, still faintly fragrant with the relics of their midsummer blossoms ; and here we felt justified in stopping a

few minutes for tea at a wayside garden-restaurant, under the sign of "All Heil!"—the German cyclist's password. Hence we rode on, through delightful woods again, to fashionable Cleve. At Cleve we paused only to admire the so-called Lohengrin's tower, and to photograph that view of its reflection in the water which looks so fascinating to the traveller by night from Cologne to Rotterdam. And then we started again, in the slanting evening sunshine, for the Rhine ferry, since we were anxious to get within sight of Emmerich while there was still light for the camera. The storks were already flapping homewards for the night; one fine fellow got up almost at our feet, dragging his legs lazily between us and the great lazy sun; but we could not get our cameras out in time. Presently we came among a network of old dykes, marking the successive stages by which the backwaters of the Rhine had been reclaimed century by century; then the last bank of all, and half a mile of rolling waters, and Emmerich, with its two fine churches and its line of purple-brown brick houses, on the other side. The steam-ferry soon brought us across, and landed us where the river almost washes the buttresses of the minster, whose bell had been calling to us all this while over

the waters, and bidding us make all speed if we wished to see anything of the interior. So we hurried under the old town walls, now all overbuilt with houses, and through the nearest river-gate; then up we tramped among a network of streets, and across the ill-paved, tree-planted old square, to the minster porch. But the sleepy old town seemed as busy this evening as Heine's phantom city, "*alterthümlich niederländisch*," in the depths of the North Sea. Here were the same ancient streets of sober brick, and the square with its formal trees, and the crowd of worshippers in faded old-world dress, hurrying to the sound of the bells—a picture whose low tones were relieved by the profusion of snowy caps and collars, and the sunlight that struck over the housetops and gilded just one edge of the spire. We dared not go in as sightseers among those worshippers, and it seemed profane even to linger about the door, and copy the huge deep-cut Gothic letters on mediaeval tombstones which some ruthless restoring hand had cast out to the wind and rain. We noticed this expulsion of tombstones especially in these Prussian Rhenish lands, where Roman Catholicism seems so enterprising nowadays, and the churches are so elaborately restored and painted. It almost seemed as though the spick and span

Romanism of to-day felt ill at ease in the presence of these memorials to men who lived and died centuries before Papal Infallibility, in the days when even communion in one kind was only a pious opinion and a general practice, not yet made binding on the whole Church by the decrees of a Council which had deposed one Pope and was as yet in no special hurry to elect his successor, finding how well they could regulate ecclesiastical affairs without one. Perhaps we need not have been so scrupulous about copying the epitaphs, for those who stood in the doorway seemed bent rather on gossip than on worship, and the more earnest passed through into the church without paying any attention to our strange garb and our unaccountable interest in tombstones. But we thought it best to go away for the present: and meanwhile it was very good time for supper, so we went back to the quay, where our boat had been lying for the last hour or more. Here we ordered a steak and a flask of Rhenish, and sat watching the sun go down as the viands were preparing. It seemed as if the generous god had lingered awhile for our sakes; he was still half an hour above the horizon, just sloping behind the minster spire, and gilding sky and river with all the glories of a lowland

sunset. Half a dozen ragged boys, who sat and fished by the water-side, were transfigured into cherubim dipping their lines into liquid gold ; if they had drawn anything from those enchanted waters, it must have been the jewelled fishes of the Arabian Nights, that stood on their tails in the frying-pan and spoke with a human voice. The figures sauntering up and down the western quay moved dimly in a halo of light, like glorified spirits in the Elysian fields ; and my mind went back to that second of January seven years ago, when I came down to this same quay after breakfast, with the thermometer at some twenty degrees below freezing, and found it crowded with hard-working men that had no work to do, pinched and blue in their threadbare cotton clothes and their sabots stuffed with straw, trying to warm their hands in their breeches pockets, and chattering with their teeth, as they tried to find a melancholy distraction in watching the gang of roadmakers break a practicable cart-road across the river, through the huge crags and hummocks of ice into which the Rhine had jumbled itself as it froze.

CHAPTER IV

“ Occulta est Batavae quaedam vis insita terrae.”

THE steak was passable, but the misanthropic waiter was so slow with it that we regretted the feeling of loyalty which had brought us back from the town on purpose to patronise the *cuisine* of the S.S. *Hollandia*. We sallied forth again after our meal to the minster, which was now shut ; but the sexton's son took the keys and a candle, and showed us all round. It is a very fine church still, though its chancel was pulled down (he told us) in the fourteenth century. He showed us a splendid Romanesque crypt, which looked still more picturesque by the light of our candle ; he was communicative about the special service of that evening, which turned out to be a Plenary Indulgence in honour of the Portiuncula of Assisi. I am afraid to say how many years of purgatory were remitted to those who attended : let us hope that good St Peter will spare a few even to those who stood and gossiped in the porch—even to us, for our heretical interest in the fabric of the church, and

for the care with which (our subsacristan holding the light in tolerant patience, for we had paid him liberally) we copied the inscriptions upon those outcast tombs by the door, and found them to commemorate former deans and dignitaries of the minster.

Our English time-table had given us fair warning. "Emmerich : German time and customs." German time warned us now that it was an hour nearer bed time than it would have been at home, while German customs were displayed in the multitude and popularity of the beershops. In fact, by this time there were no others open ; so we had no farther interest in the town. For it had been one of our first vows on starting that we would steer as clear as possible of beer on this journey, drinking it only at our evening meal. So we made our way now to another of the mouldering old gates, and came out upon the river side, to find the full moon just risen upon the Rhine. There was a pleasant old-fashioned inn close by us on the quay, with the usual German verandah, and seats screened from the road by a row of laurustinus in tubs. The evening was delicious ; not a breath now to ripple the swift oily stream ; the air warm, and the west still flushed with a dark red glow from the sunset ; just a dozen or so of the brightest stars in the velvety sky ; the

moon was too brilliant for the rest. We stood and looked at her, and she seemed to me to say, "Yes, I would, if I were you." "It's a wonderful sight, isn't it?" said I; and again, feeling very sentimental, (for certainly this is a sentimental climate), I began, "Art thou pale for weariness—" "Yes," interrupted Schultz absent-mindedly, . . . "aren't you thirsty, old man?" I could only avow reluctantly that I was not, though I wished I had been. "That's right, then!" cried he, tucking my arm under his in the old hearty undergraduate way; "that's right, then we'll go in and have a glass of beer apiece!"

The moon peeped in at us through the laurustinus leaves, and wove her track of fretted quicksilver across the rushing waters; the boats, dark and silent by the quayside, rocked their masts gently, as though they lay asleep; the cries of our own men loading the *Hollandia* with bales for Cologne and Mainz sounded mellow in the distance; the moon peeped in, and watched us approvingly as we sipped our beer. On such a night it was that Circe tempted Odysseus, and, but for his magic herb, he would have been bewitched with the rest. "Take another," whispered the pale, pure temptress; "just look at that German who is going out, *he* has just paid for seven!" For a moment

Schultz's eyes met mine again, but he thought of his wife and five small bairns at home, and I thought of my liver. So we only sat a few minutes longer, and watched the moonlight on the river and the nodding masts until we felt ready to nod ourselves, and then I called for our reckoning. Our business-like, hard-featured hostess came at the summons; it was a penny a piece, if we pleased. What was this? No, no, thanks; she never accepted tips. So Schultz took my arm again, and we strolled off towards the boat; and then and there my heart overflowed into song:

“ Know'st thou the land where the writing is Runic,
And the smack of the sausage is strong in their
speech,
But their drink is the nectar of Pilsen and Munich,
Supplied at a price that the poorest may reach!
Know'st thou the land where the tip is unknown—”

“ I say, easy all ! ” interrupted Schultz ;
“ those confounded Dutchmen will think
we are both drunk.” There, indeed, stood
two Germans, open-mouthed, one of them
being he whom we had just seen pay his
70 Pfennige as he went out.

“ I beg your pardon,” said I, as we
passed ; “ this is the exhilarating effect of
the foreign air ; it quite gets into one's
head at first.”

“ I know it,” he replied in fluent Eng-
lish ; “ I have felt the same myself in

London. But then your English beer is stronger, and you have also whisky."

I passed on abashed, knowing that he gave me credit for one or two dozen glasses at least, and that any further explanation would only lower his estimate of English veracity. We came on board, our little cabin looked very snug, and the berths very inviting; for we had not slept our fill the night before, in spite of the calm passage. The sailors were quiet enough over their loading, the Rhine murmured soothingly as it rippled along the ship's side, and there was a pleasant undertone of girls' voices chattering and laughing in Dutch next door. Schultz, who is a kittle sleeper, did indeed protest that he should never get to sleep while those girls were jabbering like that; yet the voices soon sounded faint and distant to our drowsy ears; then our eyelids closed gently of their own accord, and Father Rhine rippled us to sleep.

CHAPTER V

“ Rested we now, where, uncontrolled,
The Rhine his bursting billows rolled ;
And ever, ever fierce and free
Bore broadly onward to the sea.”—RUSKIN.

August 3.

WOKE at five o'clock, by our unregenerate English watches; huddled on an ulster, and went on deck. The sun was just rising, as red as blood; the pale moon hung on the opposite horizon, and looked shockingly worn and dissipated, as well she might, I thought, remembering last night. Light wisps of mist curled up here and there from the river; on either hand, the flat Netherland landscape, with big white poplars and unlopped willows looming bigger still out of the haze; they and their quiet reflections showing very dark and velvety against the light; the river running swiftly with oily eddies. Having reported the weather to Schultz, I went to bed again and slept till 7.30, when the Dutch girls began to twitter at our eaves again, and the sun was already high and hot, and we felt it full time to get up. We ordered chocolate for break-

fast—a great improvement on the coffee—and felt very comfortable and very virtuous, watching out of one corner of our eyes how the quiet landscape glided past the saloon windows, and with the other how rapidly (almost as rapidly as ours) the huge pots of chocolate, and rolls and butter, disappeared before the healthy growing appetite of those Dutch families. It is one of the beauties of foreign travel that it makes one so contented with oneself. If I see my neighbours unappreciative, I hug myself with a happy sense of superiority; if, on the other hand, they seem thoroughly to enjoy everything, then their enjoyment doubles mine; for we are all of us somewhat of Sganarelle's mind: "Quand j'ai bien bu et bien mangé, je veux que tout le monde soit souû dans ma maison." After breakfast we made their acquaintance, and sat all in the stern together for most of the morning. One of the mothers had married a Scotchman settled in Rotterdam; the eldest daughter was at Cheltenham Ladies' College; and all were as wonderfully well up in all languages and all histories as the educated Dutch always seem to be. They were greatly interested in the Emmerich inscriptions which I had just been deciphering. Perhaps I began by "pontificating" a little. "You would be amused to hear



ZONS

C. gassing away all this time to those Dutch people," records Schultz, who at that moment, treacherously hidden round the corner, was writing home to his wife. They remarked on some linguistic peculiarities of the epitaphs, and I quoted Grimm's law, adding, perhaps with conscious dignity, "the Lautverschiebung, you know." Oh yes, they knew; even Hannah, a little chubby creature of eight or nine, with the plumpest little naked arms and knees, looked as if she had learnt about all that long ago; and the healthy, sunburnt boys gave me a gloomy glance of recognition, which assured me that they too, if they had been willing in holiday time to betray the secrets of the prison-house, could have told me all about "the beastly Lautverschiebung." I made no further attempt to instruct our new friends, but listened with humble interest to what they had to tell me; and presently Schultz came out of his hiding-place and joined us. They sympathised good-naturedly with our disappointment in the matter of the Royal Netherlandish danger-board; they took the intensest feminine interest in all that Schultz vouchsafed to tell them about his five boys at home; then the talk came round to the young queen and her approaching coronation, and here at last I got an innings again,

for I was able to tell how, in April 1891, I went up the Rigi by the first train of that season, and travelled in the same carriage with a pretty, interesting-looking girl of twelve or thereabouts, dressed in deep mourning, as were also her mother and the rest of the party; how the little girl had held in her arms an immense doll, to whom she communicated all the Bompardesque information just as it was told to herself. “*Vous voyez à gauche le Finsteraarhorn . . . la Jungfrau, dont je signale à ces demoiselles les proportions élégantes!*” etc., etc.; and how we found out later that this was the young Queen of Holland, staying incognita at Gersau. Our friends at once began complaining in chorus of an article they had just been reading about Holland in some English magazine. The ignorance of the writer! said Eighteen. And she laughs at things because she doesn’t understand them! chimed in Sixteen. And yet she professes to know all about everything! added Fourteen; and she has even found—and here they all joined in chorus—yes, she has even found a husband for our Queen! She will not marry yet! pursued Fourteen, in a tone of the utmost decision. They did their best to explain to us the Dutch system of education, and we tried to palliate the shortcomings of our own; and the time passed

very pleasantly till we reached Düsseldorf, where, to our great regret, the party landed. We helped them to get their luggage ashore, and came back hoping that we might meet equally pleasant travelling acquaintances later on.

The Rhine itself is not specially interesting between Düsseldorf and Cologne, but the easy motion of the boat is always restful; and we wrote up our diaries till we came to the little town of Zons, whose picturesque towers we had admired in former years, and had long dreamed of landing some day to explore. There is no pier there, but the ship's bell summoned a boat to our aid, and we got in safely with our bicycles and a clergyman and his wife who had resolved to explore the town with us. The sailors cast the boat off, and the stream swept us down at once; we might have been three hundred yards away from the shore on starting, and, though the boatman tugged at his crazy old oars, he did not reach the slack water among the reeds till a good quarter of a mile below our starting-point. Then he took to his punting pole, and we worked slowly up and landed at a little paved causeway that sloped down into the stream.

The town was all we had dreamed: old brick walls with brick turrets and

great flanking towers of black basalt; walls that had once stood at the water's edge, but overshadowed now with poplars, and cut off from the river by half a mile of meadows; ragged, unpointed for the last two hundred years, but ripened into that deep crimson brown that comes only with centuries of exposure to wind and weather, and overgrown with mosses and wall-flowers. We passed through the main gate and down a little street between the town wall and a row of whitewashed houses with boldly projecting second stories. Here we found the main inn of the place, with a fine oak staircase, heavily balustraded and heraldically carved. We were ravenous for lunch by this time, and made short work of the ham and eggs, with bread and butter, salad, and half a litre of white wine and a bottle of Apollinaris between the two of us. The reckoning came to just 1s. 3d. apiece, and would have been less than a shilling but for the Apollinaris, which was by far the heaviest item in the bill. I enter into these details only because the meal was typical of what one finds everywhere in the small German towns. We looked round the town after lunch, and found the old tombstones again cast out from the church, which had been rebuilt and new-painted inside, and looked as hopelessly

self-satisfied and tasteless as the show-window of a modern religious image-shop. Then we started for Cologne, regretting already even our very moderate indulgence in wine, to which we had been driven in self-defence, for our very delight in the old-world streets of Zons had inspired us with a wholesome distrust of its water. Our wheels drave heavily now; the air was sultry, and the roads deep in dust, and not always of the smoothest. At Dormagen we stopped to look over the fine Romanesque church; and soon after leaving the village the road rose a few feet, and brought us suddenly to the side of the Rhine, which here made a sweep inwards in our direction. Just ahead, the road was shaded by a long avenue of white poplars, and followed the gentle bend of the river: the whole view was very grand in its simplicity, with long sweeping curves that blended together on the horizon, and a broad contrast between the dark green foliage and the gleaming river. At Worringen we found a nice old church with tower and lych-gate of brick; then a picturesque old watermill; and then the spires of Cologne, which we had already just seen above the treetops, came full in view. It was almost impossible to realise that the map was right, and we were still five miles off. I know

of no approach which makes one so feel the overwhelming height of those towers ; kilometer after kilometer goes by, and they scarcely look any nearer. Gradually the houses and the other spires of the city came into view, but still, to the very last, even when you are inside the gates, these great twin spires tower over all the foreground.

CHAPTER VI

“ Es sassen die alten Germanen
An beiden Ufern des Rheins;
Und als sie genug getrunken,
Da riefen sie immer ‘ Noch Eins ! ’ ”
German students’ song.

I LEFT Schultz with our bicycles at the Hôtel de l’Europe, where the wise can enjoy their refreshments in a tiny but picturesque bit of garden, two sides of which are bounded by the Gothic walls of St Andreas’ church. So, leaving him there, I took our two passports to the post-office for letters. This was a slow business, though the post was only some two hundred yards off; and, on rejoining my friend, I saw at once by a certain guilty look on his usually open countenance that something had happened. My first idea was that he had drunk up all the first pot of tea to his own cheek, and sent for more. I was ready to pardon him, for had he not complained as we rode through the town that he was suffering from a sort of bilious headache? and did I not know from my own thirst that his must have been almost harder than he could bear? But I was

far from suspecting the real facts, which I transcribe here from the account sent that night to the recording angel at home.

“Opposite me were three men drinking beer, and one of them—the middle one—was my undoing. You must understand that beer is strictly forbidden by the Company, except at the last meal of the day, and it was as yet but four o'clock; but C. was away, and the exasperating way in which that red-bearded man drained his glass, sighed with supreme content, and ordered another—to say nothing of the golden glint of the bright liquid in the queer-shaped glasses, and a thirst that had been solidly growing along thirteen miles of dusty road—all these made me feel with Odysseus that ‘it was by no means pleasant to refrain.’ So, casting away all shyness, I summoned the blooming Kellner, and demanded ‘ein Schoppen Bier.’ C. sighed over my fall at his return; but I laughed softly to myself, while I hugged the memory of that cooling nectar—an oasis in a burning waste of sun and dust.” All this he told me in much the same words on my return, and showed me the very man with his red beard—a Judas-face if ever there was one! I bethought me again of the warning on our time-table, “German Time and Customs.” *O tempora, o mores!*—a pint of beer at four o'clock in the

afternoon, by way of medicine for a bilious headache ! Yet, as we strolled out arm in arm after tea to see a little of the town, I heard him again, with an unrepentant chuckle, quote Browning under his breath :

“ How sad and mad and bad it was !
But ah ! how it was sweet ! ”

We had very little time for sight-seeing proper, but we both knew the town fairly well already. It was very hot even at half-past six, when we took our cycles down to leave them on board ; and I stopped to bathe by the way. Schultz declined ; he feared it might make his head ache again ; at which I, like a true friend, exclaimed, “ I told you so ! ” and then went in, feeling offensively virtuous, and renewed old memories of swooping down for eighty yards with all the Rhine current at my back, and then beating painfully up stream again. To-day I was often tempted to give up, and should certainly have done so but for the sight of two or three Germans who toiled up phlegmatically beside me ; for patriotism urged that what a mere Dutchman with a beer barrel under his belt can do, no Englishman must shrink from. I wish I had taken a snapshot of all the bodies in that bath ; for what words can convey any idea of such monstrous corporations !

After even a very short absence from Germany, one is apt to think that one's memories must be exaggerated, and that one has got a sort of stage German into one's head. But the stage German falls far short of the real native in these large towns, both in his consumption of liquor and in his manifest symptoms of such indulgence. When, after the bathe, we walked down the bank to a modest little Garten-Restaurant where one can eat fresh fried fish and bread and cheese at a nominal price, we found at our table a good-natured old *bourgeoise*, evidently a small shopkeeper, enjoying her evening meal and her evening glass withal. Schoppen after Schoppen, during the twenty minutes that we were privileged to sit near her, disappeared beneath that well-worn rusty black gown: she shifted a few inches to make more room for us on a bench that was built for five or six: "Oh, no, we weren't crowding her at all, thanks;" and indeed there was just room for the three of us! So she smiled affably again, and back went her black bonnet, and her many chins opened out like an accordion, and her little eyes twinkled good-naturedly at us through the bottom of the tankard. She rose and waddled off a short time before we had done, and we made a hasty calcula-

tion : the first piece of ground she could have seen must have been about four feet in front of her toes. Probably she takes no exercise all day long but to waddle backwards and forwards to her supper ; and one may see hundreds like her among the sedentary populations of the towns. Yet it all seems natural enough here. There is something in the climate :—the warm evenings when one can sit for hours under the trees without fear of rheumatism, and watch the lights come out as the twilight fades, and follow their long reflections on the stream. Then also everybody is drinking round you ; and this is the mildest of all alcoholic beverages, and the coolest to the thirsty palate. The stars wink at you, the moon looks down with approval ; and you soon find that, however little you may have approached the local standard, you have taken more than you would have dreamed of drinking in England. Not that the actual days on the Rhine are so very much warmer than in England ; but between their nights and ours there is no comparison. We came back to the boat at about 10.30, quite heated by the very mild exertion of riding up into the town and back again ; and there were our poor firemen, all begrimed with coal-dust and furrowed with perspira-

tion, stretched upon the cotton bales that lay about the wharf, and trying to cool down a little before the boat should start again. And we who, from the standpoint of our own modest three glasses, had just been talking with some Pharisaical unction about German habits, felt now that many gallons of the mild liquor might be pardoned, in this climate, to such martyrs of civilization as these.

CHAPTER VII

“*Tacitae per amica silentia lunae.*”—VIRGIL.

ALTHOUGH I had seen the Seven Mountains often enough before, and the flesh was glad enough to lie down and rest, yet the spirit felt certain twinges of regret for all the beautiful scenery which was doomed to be wasted on mere stokers and look-out-men, before our own eyes opened to the morrow's dawn. Still, one can't have one's cake and eat it, even on a holiday ; so I lay down with philosophic resignation. But, in the middle of the night, some kindly spirit woke me from my first sleep, and whispered in my ear to rise and look out of the little cabin window. We were just passing the Drachenfels : the moon almost at her full, and the river flowing broad and strong, a mirror of grey polished steel, with just a thin line of silver at its edge, where it frayed along the shore. I went on deck and looked round : not another boat was in sight, nor any wave on the whole stream, except the track of our own vessel. There were Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth ahead, and Godesberg faint in

the distance behind us, where Heine sat, watching the white sails on the Rhine and the glow of evening on the Seven Mountains, and holding his friend's hand while she talked to him of the little dead Veronica. I had seen that sunset glow in former years, but it was not to be compared with the breathless quiet of this moonlight. Nothing was really hidden, not even the farthest distance, but only bewitched into the tenderest silver greys. The Drachenfels rose higher and steeper from the water; while the other hills, which push forward by daylight, fell back now into their proper places, and the whole was softly mirrored in a tide that "moving, seemed asleep, too full for tide or foam." It was all as dreamlike as the dim memories of our childhood, that were once garish and prosaic enough, but mellowed now by distance into silver seven times refined; memories that still have power to thrill us with a quickening pulse of life, while they soothe us with all the tranquillity of sleep. For here the tide of life seemed for a while to move on as calmly as this river; out of darkness into darkness, but with as steady a purpose and as little fretting in its appointed channel. Here was that unbroken peace of earth and sky under which the soul dares "bare its bosom to the moon," and let the full tide of thoughts come

flowing in ; far-off recollections that throng too thickly now for separate recognition, mingled with vague hopes and yearnings, and tender inarticulate regrets. There is no jarring note in all the harmony of nature, but only whisperings of divine comfort—

“ Sur la face des eaux, sur la face des monts ;
 Sur le fleuve argenté, sur la forêt où roule
 Comme un hymne confus des morts que nous aimons.

.

Mais moi, sous chaque jour courbant plus bas ma tête,
 Je passe”

The very foretaste of eternity comes as a reminder of our own littleness. Ye are gods, and ye are all the children of the Most Highest ; but ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. Drachenfels, Nonnenwerth, and Rolandseck,—little by little their long reflection shuddered and broke in the wake of our boat ; two o'clock chimed from some church tower across the water, and the sound brought me back to earth. An involuntary shiver reminded me that flesh was flesh, after all. I lingered a little longer, but the spell was broken, and the thought of the morrow's task became more and more importunate ; sixty miles to be ridden at Schultz's pace, and under Heaven knows what burning sky ! So I crept below, very



ON THE WALLS, BACHARACH.

grateful for the revelation which had been vouchsafed to me, and in a few minutes the stokers and look-out-men were again the only waking beings on that moonlit Rhine.

CHAPTER VIII

“ With fields that promise corn and wine.”

SCHULTZ woke me at sunrise; he had slept rather feverishly, and was not in a mood to blame me for omitting to wake him on account of the moonlight. We were now close upon Rheinbrohl, where the volcanic hills suddenly hem the river into a narrow gorge until Andernach. The sky was dappled with soft clouds, heliotrope lined with peach-blossom; but the colours soon faded, and we went down again to dress and break our fast, since at Andernach we were to leave the boat for the day. Thanks to supplies prudently taken on board last night, we breakfasted luxuriously in our cabins, and were soon on deck again. There was a light mist now in the gorge, and every sign of a hot day to come. The haze thickened as we approached Andernach, and, though the sun still struggled bravely through it, the light was rather faint for snapshots. The fine old church was full of worshippers at morning mass, so we only lingered outside to admire its sculptures,

and then on to the Franciscan church and the ruined palace, and then out upon the Coblenz road. The way was dusty, and it soon parted from the Rhine, which disappeared altogether in the haze. We passed one fairly picturesque village, Weissenthurm; but otherwise the ride was rather uninteresting. We quenched our thirst with a second edition of coffee at a baker's shop by the Moselle bridge at Coblenz, and then rode on. A mile and a half beyond Coblenz the road rejoins the river, and never leaves it again till beyond Bingen. The sun by this time had burst through the mist, and flashed merrily on the waves of the Rhine by our side; it was still early, and we had forty more miles of this scenery to look forward to; castle and rock, and towns like museums of the Middle Ages, and mountains and woods and terraces of vines—the much-abused Rhineland vines, which at least have fresh green leaves to show in the late summer, when all the woods are burnt with the heat. The clouds rolled up bigger as the day wore on, giving us exquisite contrasts of light and shade on the hills and reflections on the river. At Boppard we laid in provisions for lunch, but Schultz was not yet Bohemian enough to approve of our cooking our lunch in so public a place as that which I had

chosen under the poplars at the end of the quay, so we rode on a few miles to Salzig.

On these Bohemian meals depended much of the cheapness, and later on, even to Schultz, much of the pleasure of our tour. There are few German villages so poor but that one can raise good bread and butter, cheese, and a ham which, at the very worst, can be minced into a pleasant flavouring for an omelette. If there is no shop in the village, the innkeeper is just as willing to sell the raw materials at about the same price. Fresh milk cannot be counted on with the same certainty, though even this can generally be got; but we mostly carried it with us, in a tin bottle protected by a cloth case. This we washed out well with a little Izal from day to day, and in spite of the heat and the jolting the milk was generally quite right and never actually sour, though it had sometimes turned to honest curds and whey. Even then we found it a welcome addition to our tea, and, in default of anything of the kind, we always carried a lemon. Our cooking apparatus consisted of a light tin pint-and-a-half saucepan, into which fitted two large tin mugs, one inside the other, and inside these a tin box for butter; there was room in the interstices for two smaller

tins of salt and tea; two deep tin dishes fitted as a lid to the saucepan, and the whole packed closely into a strong canvas bag which was strapped to one of the cycles. We were thus able to take all our meals in the open air, by the water-side or under the trees, and it was only for supper that we condescended to fall back upon the resources of civilisation. We took out with us half a pound of first-rate China tea, and there is no beverage so really thirst-quenching and so stimulating in the midst of hard work as weak China tea, boiling hot, with a slice of lemon in it.

All this we unpacked under the trees at Salzig, by the ferry side, to the intense interest of two damsels who were waiting to be carried over, and who watched us break our eggs and shred the ham, and put in a lump of butter, and stir the whole together in one of the tin dishes over the spirit-lamp, with that compassionate amusement with which women always observe a man who ventures to trespass upon their special domain. They offered us their best advice, and shrugged their shoulders—how well I knew that shrug!—to see that we persisted in following our own rough-and-ready way for our own purposes. At last Charon came and wafted them away, laughing and wish-

ing us "besten Appetit," and calling out a last warning over the waters that we should do well to beat up the eggs a little more thoroughly, another time. Then came the owner of the cottage in front of which we had camped: betrayed the usual interest in our nationality and profession, married or single state, etc., etc., and had plenty to tell us in return about himself and his neighbours. Although he saw from the first that Schultz was Jupiter, and I Mercurius, the chief speaker, yet he was slow to be dissuaded from his belief that my friend understood him well enough, and was only too dignified to reply: for it was evident that he took me for a more or less professional courier, engaged to save Schultz the trouble of opening his mouth. He could not believe that so sensible a man as Schultz evidently was would ever venture into a foreign land without having first learnt the language. "Sehen sie 'mal:—wenn Einer die Sprache nicht kann, da sitzt er wie im Dreck,"¹—a form of locution which amused me immensely, though it appealed less to my friend. We asked him for a pennyworth of the small apricots that hung on a tree above our heads: he fetched a ladder and plucked us a dozen or so, but we found them so

¹ "Look here—if a man can't talk the language, he has to sit in the muck, so to speak."

unripe still, that we left him money and fruit with our blessing, and mounted to ride onwards.

A heavy shower came on at Hirzenach ; and we had to take shelter in a shed instead of going in search of the keys to look inside the fine old church. By St Goar, the sky drew dark again, and the great bastions of Rheinfels stood out black against billows of silver-lined clouds, and a handsbreadth of bright blue sky. Another heavy shower overtook us in the town, and we stopped to make tea in the secularised crypt of the great red sandstone church by the roadside, whose open door invited us to shelter. At Oberwesel it was bright sunshine again, and we had time to loiter round the old walls, and peep into the little gem of a chapel that is built upon the very ramparts, in which some service was then going on. We found the building full of white-capped nuns, who huddled together like fluttered doves at our entrance, so that we hastened to relieve them of our sacrilegious presence, and rode on. Off Caub, the shadow of the hills had already crept half-way up the walls of the Pfalz : and at Bacharach we felt a healthy appetite ; so I looked in and ordered supper at the old familiar Hotel Bastian, and we spent the interval in looking over the

church, and the Chapel of St Werner, most graceful and delicately-tinted of all Rhineside ruins, and the fascinating old timber houses, covered with slates like a dragon's scales, that are built out upon the walls. Then back to Bastian's, where we found so good a dinner, and paid so small a price for it, that we sighed again to think how impossible it is to travel like this in England.

We could not sit long after dinner, for it was evident that we should not be in time to catch the *Hollandia* at Bingen, but must take the train from thence to Mainz; and I wished to show Schultz a little of the Morgenbacher Thal on the way. Castles to right of us and castles to left of us again, but looming dim and dimmer in the deepening dusk. At last the mouth of the Morgenbacher Thal; a merry party drinking beer in the verandah that overlooked the corner, and troling a catch thereto, to which Schultz answered as we passed with a catch of his own, remembered from school cricket-suppers in bygone days—

“ And here's to you, John Brown,
To you with all my heart,
And as we're in good company,
We'll drink before we part.”

The narrow road turns under the ruin of Falkenburg, and toils upwards between the

hills, among whose irregular buttresses it has to wind, by the side of a little brook that has worn itself a deep channel from cascade to cascade, down into the living rock. We had no time to see the finest part of the valley, but stopped for a quarter of an hour to take a twilight photograph and to enjoy the perfect peace of the evening. The air was warm, the brook murmured gently over its rocky bed, and there was such a chorus of crickets, far and near, in the silence of the dusk, as we had never heard before. But the village clock warned us that our time was growing short, so we mounted reluctantly and rode down again to join the high road ; and here we spun on at full speed, up and down, betwixt wood and water, the trees throwing a deeper and deeper shade as they overhung more closely from the rocks on the right, the Rhine glimmering fainter and fainter on our left, with lights like glow-worms from the houses on the further bank. At intervals we run into warm gusts of air, eddying with midges almost in a solid mass, like the whirling drift of lovers among whom Dante saw his Paolo and Francesca, we shut our eyes, and they patter like soft rain against our rushing faces. Still no Bingen ; it is further off than we had sanguinely hoped. At last we come to that long island in the Rhine,

where the Mouse Tower just shows above the trees : a red moon looming out of the haze over Rüdesheim, and creeping slowly along the black battlements, and in and out of the poplars, as we hurry on ; not that lurid red, almost as of a London suburban harvest moon, which we had noticed in her yesterday as she rose through the smoke of Mülheim, but a tender tint of orange crimson, that went admirably with the faint blue haze over the upper reaches of the river, and the dark green foliage in the foreground. But there was no time to linger, for we knew that we must ride our hardest for the train ; and in a moment the road had plunged again into a black tunnel of trees, through which the moon fluttered in shreds and snippets at our side ; and then out upon the first pavements of the town, and blinding lights in the darkness ; and here we lost each other, and arrived separately at the station, breathless, to find that the train for which we had been racing ran only on Sundays ! There was a sort of consolation-train, however, half luggage and half passenger, for which we had to wait three-quarters of an hour, and which even then crawled so slowly, and stopped so long, that we dozed off, and only woke up at intervals to look feverishly at our watches. At last a toothless and palsied old peasant mumbled out to me

that it was no good being impatient. The train was timed to take an hour and a half over these twenty miles, and was generally late at that! "What's that?" enquired Schultz; "is the old beggar saying that he hopes to get to Mainz before he dies?" I explained the true state of the case, and we dozed off again amid mutual recriminations, and woke in the glare of the Mainz electric lights. Half-asleep still, we trundled down a beautifully-paved sort of boulevard to the quay, and got on board just as the clocks were striking midnight.

CHAPTER IX

“ Alt Heidelberg, du feine,
Du Stadt an Ehren reich ! ”

SCHEFFEL.

August 5.

WE were not due at Mannheim till eight o'clock next morning, but we woke at seven to find our boat just coming up to the quay; the sun was already high and warm. We had comfortable time to dress and pack our belongings—partly to be taken with us and partly to be left at the Company's warehouses and picked up on our return journey—and to get our breakfast before our train for Heidelberg, where Schultz went to see the sights again and I to call on an old friend. We met again at the station for lunch and took the train at about two o'clock for Bruchsal. The train was a nuisance in itself, but a necessary part of our plan, since it was only thus that we could find time to turn aside and see Maulbronn, one of the best-preserved mediæval monasteries in Europe. Schultz was jubilant at lunch, he had thwarted an attempt on the part of the tramway-conductor to give him

change for a two-mark piece as if it had been a single mark. He described to me how he had laid his hand on the man's arm and fixed him with a glittering eye, and held up two fingers until the guilty wretch had pretended suddenly to understand, and produced the missing coin. The waiter stood by us and listened with smiling interest. I beckoned to him to bring us our bill, while Schultz still pursued his tale.

"And the beggar didn't seem the least bit abashed about it either! I'll tell you what, Kellner, they aren't a very honest lot on your tramways here."

"Oh, we none of us are in Heidelberg!" answered the waiter with a shrug of his shoulders and a cynical smile. "You see, we have too many strangers and rich people." His addition differed by a mark in his own favour; but he rectified the error very affably directly we pointed it out, and rattled on so pleasantly as he counted out my change, that nobody could have been angry with him. After all, a poor man must live somehow, and wages were very low in Germany; did *he* look fat on what he earned? For a German he certainly did not, and I gave him a slight extra tip by way of compensation for the mark of which we had just robbed him, nor was it until we

arrived at Bruchsal that I found he had given me a Belgian five-franc piece by mistake for the indigenous coin of five marks.

The porters at Bruchsal tried to wheel Schultz's Whippet out backwards, with the result that the hind-wheel brake locked, and he was only just in time to save them from using further violence to get the machine along. A majestic inspector came up at the moment, and addressed him very affably.

"There is something wrong with your cycle?"

"Sorry I don't talk German; can't you say it in English?"

"Jawohl, an English bicycle! I hope the porter has not done it any harm," pursued the official in his own tongue.

"Oh yes, isn't it a ripping fine day!" answered Schultz, who had managed at last to loosen the brake.

"I see, it is a special pattern of machine. A special *machine*," he added, with an emphasis which gave my friend a clue.

"Yes, and a jolly good machine too. This is what we call a Whippet; just look how it goes." His gestures spoke plainer than his words, and the inspector bent down. "You see, the moment I cease pedalling, the thing goes out of gear, so I can coast with my feet on the pedals; see how I spin it round."

“ Ach Gott ! ”

“ And then when I want to put the brake on, I’ve only got to back-pedal, and it hooks on to a sort of catch ; there ! ”

“ Kolossal ! ”

“ And on goes a rim break.”

“ Ach du lieber Gott ! What is that for a contrivance ! A brake like a real railway train ! ”

“ Only you must take jolly good care not to back-pedal too hard.”

“ Kol—oss—al ! You can stop it all in one second, and have no accident ! ”

“ Or the beast stops dead, and down you come on your blooming nose.”

“ Ach du lieber, lieber Gott ! That is the cycle for me ! What might be the price of such a machine ? ”

“ Oh yes, we’re pretty good at machines : only this idea is as old as the hills : it’s just the old Cheylesmore clutch. The Cheylesmore clutch ! ” he repeated, emphasising his words with a slap on the shoulder, which the inspector took quite in friendly part. “ Of course you don’t understand a word of all this, old cock ; but it amuses you to jabber, and so it does me. You’ve got a rascally lot of thieves on your trains and your stations ; but I dare-say they’re not worse than our directors. And then you’ve got a first-class Emperor.” The inspector saluted solemnly in answer



TWILIGHT IN MORGENBACHER THAL

to our bows ; and we heard him apostrophising his divinities and his colossi again as we rode off.

Bruchsal is a quaint old town, but sleepy to the last degree. I went in on the way to buy a cheap hair-brush, and found in the shop a girl of fifteen or sixteen, of very singular beauty, with eyes like dark amber, and hair to match, only tinged with a darker shade of chestnut, and a complexion of brilliant transparency. At the Academy, people would have turned round to look at her ; but here she knitted quietly behind the counter, and sold me a fourpenny brush without any airs whatever ; and probably her Bruchsal friends, like Maggie Tulliver's aunts, fear that her singular appearance will stand in her way through life. We started up a valley that rose gently south-eastwards towards a ridge of hills on the far horizon ; a green peaceful valley, with a trout-stream winding down it, lively enough by nature, but dammed at every mile into sleepy mill-pools : rich meadows ready now for the second harvest ; tilled land in strips of every variety of crops—corn, roots, coleseed, and great pink-and-white poppies for oil. Tall poplars stood in the moist land by the river side, and fruit trees, of course, all along the road. Sleepy old-world villages, Heidelberg, Gandelshheim, Diedelsheim, with tall white gables jostling each other side by side,

and elaborate wrought-iron signs projecting over the roadway, and relics of mediæval masonry; great patient oxen in the carts; sunburnt men and women; children half-naked in this almost tropical sunshine. Gradually we parted from our little river, crossing a ridge into the next valley: then we coasted deliciously down into Bretten, the birthplace of Melanchthon. We had come at the wrong time; for the great man's house had been pulled down and not yet rebuilt, in honour of the quatercentenary of his birth; but we consoled ourselves with tea and rice-cakes in a deserted garden just outside the town. After Bretten, we crossed into yet another valley, to Knittlingen, most picturesque village of all; and hence the road rose steadily upwards, fetching a wide compass to wind round the end of the steep wooded ridge which we had seen from the first on our horizon. Just as we dismounted in the steepest part, a party of Germans came coasting down, with shouts of "All Heil!" as they swept by. Five minutes later, our own turn came; for the road wound gently round the end of the ridge, and we put up our feet and ran down a couple of miles into Maulbronn, while the harvesters stood still among their corn to watch us pass, and held up their sickles to shade their eyes from the level sun.

Maulbronn lies in a fertile hollow between two ridges, one of which—that which we had just turned—is clothed to the top with vines, all but the last twenty feet of sheer rock, and the wood that crowns the actual crest. Half of the village is inside the old abbey walls, a great square moated enclosure, with many of its towers still standing. The abbey itself is, and has been ever since the Reformation, a seminary for Protestant clergy, who occupy the conventual buildings proper; while the rest are let out, apparently as ordinary dwelling-houses. Except that one more of the flanking towers has disappeared, everything stands now practically as it stood in the sixteenth century.

We left our cycles at the "Post," just outside the abbey gate, and strolled out to look round and take one or two photographs while there was still light. Then back to supper, which was so excellent (and, as we learned next day, so cheap) that I cannot refrain from recording its praises here. An hour afterwards we were loitering arm in arm round the precincts, in and out among the irregular deep-buttressed walls that loomed twice as big in the dusk; then sitting to watch the bats flit about the lindens, picturing ourselves as students in these cloisters,

and recalling old college memories of our own. "Do you remember little Black and the stewed kidneys?" says Schultz; and I know now that he is happy. Whenever Schultz's heart overflows with healthy animal spirits, the first memory that comes to the surface is always that of Black and the stewed kidneys.

CHAPTER X

“ Im Winterrefectorium
Zu Maulbronn in dem Kloster,
Da geht 'was um den Tisch herum,
Klingt nicht wie Paternoster.”

SCHEFFEL.

August 6.

BREAKFASTED early, and went out to see the Abbey. The church in itself would have been worth a day's ride; but far more unusual is the perfect preservation of other arrangements for monastic life. The cloisters are literally paved with effigies of knights and monks in low relief, framed in deep-cut Gothic inscriptions; and the great fountain still spouts out water into its triple basin in the old place opposite the refectory door, where the monks used to wash their hands. The Chamber of Flagellation is still painted over in black and white with appropriate texts:—"If thine eye or thine hand offend thee—"; "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth—" etc., etc.; the hot-air bath looks ready for use at any moment. No remains in England can give so vivid a

conception of mediæval monastic life as this Abbey of Maulbronn.

It was just nine when we mounted at last; the sun was sweltering hot already; a pale wasted moon looked down upon us out of the sultry sky. Our way led through Bretten again; wearily we toiled up the hill, but merrily we rattled down on the other side, shouting our "All Heil!" to parties reaping in the field or breakfasting by the roadside. At Knittlingen, while I was exploring, Schultz sat by the bridge and watched the peasants coming out for the second time to their work. He described to me afterwards how he had seen them, a whole family at a time: father with reaping-hook, mother with a heavy hoe; a slender girl of fourteen, perhaps, staggering under another, and the little boy trotting barefooted in the dust with a basket on his back. "Just think," he kept saying, "think of *my* kiddies sweating like that all day long, and never knowing what cricket is!" Nor would he be consoled by any of the old platitudes about the essential equality of all human fortunes. Yet, however unwilling to exchange at that moment our lot for theirs, I, for my part, can never wholly divest myself of a lingering belief in the Virgilian "*felices nimum*"; and, when it comes to our turn

to go the way of Er, the son of Armenius, and to stand among that multitude that no man can number, and choose the lot of our next life on earth, it may be that we could do no better than take such a peasant's life as this. And then the tourists of that new world will come hurrying through our little corner of the universe, and we shall meet them on the road, and pass them with this same look of primeval indifference on our brown wrinkled faces, trudging steadfastly homeward with our implements of labour over our shoulder, and the setting sun in our eyes.

By four o'clock we had a still more definite notion of what it is to work through the heat of the day under an August sun by the Rhine, and we stopped for tea in an orchard at Bergsheimer. I had no more spirit for my lamp, and went into a tiny shop to get some, for nearly everyone in Germany sells methylated spirit. I found two wrinkled old crones gossiping there, and a wizened girl of thirteen behind the counter, ready to offer me lemons or penny whistles, stockings or cheese, anything I liked in a small, tarnished, fly-blown way. She went down into the cellar for my spirits, and one of the old women entered into conversation with me. *She* knew what I wanted the spirits for; they were to work the machine that made

my bicycle go. No? Well, she herself could never see what was the advantage of one that one had to work with one's own legs. The other day, only, a gentleman came riding through the village—"aber er hatte wirklich Pech!"¹ for it suddenly went crack, just by my door, and I was standing there; and he took it up against the stable wall there, and wouldn't let anyone else come near him. Ach Gott! what language he did use to the children! and he took the whole breeches off the wheel, and blew it up with a great pump that he had with him; and then it went crack again, and he sat down and said to me, 'That's the fifth time to-day,' he says; 'and now I must take the train; ich habe doch wirklich Pech!'"

The road was bad from here to Durlach, but there was an excellent footpath, on which we took the liberty to ride. A mile or so from the town an official road-sweeper stopped me, and threatened the vengeance of the law. Possibly he hoped for a tip; at any rate, he left me under the impression that I had had a narrow escape, and I stopped fifty yards further on to be ready to help Schultz out of the hobble, if necessary. But Schultz simply addressed the man in his best English: "A hot day! don't you find it dusty work? rotten

¹ It really was hard lines on him!

roads you've got here in Baden!" and the official let him pass like a lamb. After all, perhaps it is best not to know German in Germany!

I had bent one of my pedals by running carelessly against a post on that footpath, and at Durlach I went into a shop to ask where I could get it put right. A somewhat over-dressed German, who was talking with the shopman, turned round at the sound of my voice. "You spik Engleesh? I too. . . . I show you. . . . I ride the wheel." Then, as we went out of the door, he asked: "Where come you?"

"Do you mean, where do I come from? or where am I going to?"

"Ye-es. . . . Alright. . . . I show you—." He had evidently not understood a word of my question, and off he rattled as hard as he could down a lot of side streets paved with the most impossible cobbles. Respect for our own laden machines forbade our following at the same pace; but presently we found him waiting at the door of a workshop, and I apologised for having kept him, explaining that the cobbles had been too much for us. He looked so blank that I had to repeat it in German, in which language he told us that we might get our machines mended here, and rode off. The smith had soon put me straight, and was much interested in

Schultz's Whippet, which we had to explain again for his benefit. Towards the end, several other German cyclists came in, and, after listening for a moment, one of them said to Schultz :

“ Barlez-vous vrançais, Monsieur ? ”

“ Mais oui, Monsieur,” answered Schultz, delighted for once to find a stranger with whom he could converse. The little man stood and hesitated, and my friend added : “ Vous désirez quelque chose ? ” But the other was already at the end of his tether. He gibbered helplessly, and something like a blush struggled into his muddy cheeks ; so we saluted the party, and hurried away to get a good laugh by ourselves. After one's first surprise at the number of excellent linguists one meets in Germany, there is always room for astonishment at the brazen effrontery with which the rest plunge into unknown tongues.

Durlach, when you have passed through the modern suburbs, is just such another quaint sleepy old town as Bruchsal. We rode out through a mediæval gate built over with houses, and crossed the first of the real Black Forest waters—a broad, clear trout-stream rippling swiftly over the brown stones, with gardens pressing down to its brink and fruit-trees dipping into the water. Then over the plain

towards the setting sun, the usual chequer of crops on either hand, the usual fruit-trees all along the road, the first peasants beginning to come home from their work, a long line of woods in the distance marking the course of the Rhine. Twice we passed through such woods on our way ; thick masses of beech and firs, with a broad strip of lawn on either side of the road, and just room for the sinking sun to slant in and gild the trunks on our left. Hunger spurred us on, till at last we saw a group of towers above the trees ; then a third strip of forest, all dark by this time against the afterglow ; and thence we emerged upon a bit of public garden, a great grassy bastion standing in dark green against an orange sky, a railway-station, and a good modern hotel just outside the town-gate. This was Rastatt, and here we sat down to a hearty supper on the terrace, and felt that it was good to have done ten hours' work in the open air before our evening meal.

We started again in the late twilight, meeting squads of weary soldiers tramping home to barracks, and listening to the far-off chorus of innumerable frogs among the marshes by the Rhine. The air was delicious now ; to the eye, all was blurred together in the dusk, but the scent told us plainly " here are pines, this field is

clover, there is meadow-sweet and new-mown hay." Presently the moon rose in red behind one of the mountains of the Black Forest, and flamed for a few moments on the summit like a volcano; but the roads were not good enough for night-riding, even under her light, so we gave up our purpose of pushing on to Achern, and turned in to the "Stern" at Oos. There was a merry party in the great room, mostly of peasants rejoicing in the freedom of Saturday night. We were tempted for a moment to linger half an hour among them, but prudence prevailed, and we went straight to bed.

CHAPTER XI

“ Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease ! ”

GOLDSMITH.

August 7.

WOKE at 5, out by 5.30; bright sunshine again. Two miles onwards we stopped by the side of a Black Forest streamlet to make tea for breakfast. Troops of women, boys, and dogs passed us, pushing great hand-carts full of milk-cans for Baden-Baden, which lies close by among the hills; so we had our milk fresh from the cow. But there was no time to linger by the little stream, for we had to catch the 10.7 from Offenburg, and to stop for service somewhere on the way if possible, and to pick up our heavier luggage at Achern and re-direct it to Neuhausen.

The road led us through neat well-to-do villages, while the Black Forest rose higher and higher on our left: the Hornisgrinde by Achern, nearly 4000 feet high, and many others that loomed scarcely less big out of the morning haze. Just to our left were terraces of little hills, one above another, washed up there in past times by the river, when it filled the whole bottom

from the Schwarzwald to the Vosges. Then, again, a thick wood like those of yesterday, with fifty yards of lawn on both sides of the road; and here a niche of living green cut out of the thicket to shield a great white crucifix twelve or fifteen feet high; at its foot, on either side, a low stone bench; on one of them a man is lying asleep. We are already grateful for this cool shade, though it is scarcely eight o'clock yet. On and on, the roads more and more dusty, the flies importunate and shameless; groups of worshippers pass us in their Sunday best, many of them barefooted and in their shirt sleeves, carrying their best boots and black coat on their arm. Again we took to the footpath, where we found ourselves much incommoded by worshippers of the better class, who, not going barefoot, insist on the path, and compel us to steepleschase up and down the little bank by the roadside. We look out all the way for the spire of Strasburg to the right; there it is at last, dim in the mist above the poplars; but we dare only glance and pass on, for ten o'clock is nearing rapidly, while Offenburg seems to recede. At last, after an exciting race, we find ourselves at the little station with just three minutes to unload our machines,¹ and book them, and

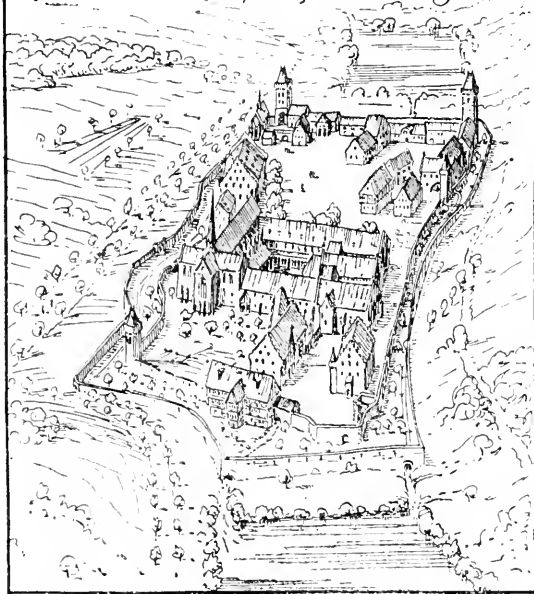
¹ Obligatory on German railways, and to some extent on the Swiss: all movables must be taken off, even to

get our own tickets; yet, by a skilful division of labour, we find even time to rush to the refreshment room as well, and lay in "belegte Brödchen" and apricots and a bottle of red wine for our journey up the mountain railway.

If you can stand something of a crowd, there are few more cheerful places than a Black Forest train on a fine Sunday morning in summer. These honest happy people have all been working hard from Monday to Saturday; and to-day they were up at six, and have already heard mass, and will spend the rest of the day in not too uproarious merry-making. Here one may still see just the simple old-world prosperity that Goldsmith describes; but these are no deserted villages, for at every stoppage the platform is crowded with cheerful faces and picturesque costumes, and many get in, while few as yet go out. "Trecentos inseris eheu! Jam satis est!" And yet how can one find fault with such a mass of happiness and good-nature: here is toothless Darby opposite to me, in an Eton jacket of dark blue broadcloth, and a scarlet waistcoat glittering with gilt buttons; there is toothless Joan by his side, a thick double pigtail

the lamp, before the cycle is put into the van. This seems absurd; but it will be seen that we found a good reason for it at Rorschach.

The Abbey of Maulbronn
in the XVIth Cent:
from a contemporary drawing ~



of quite young brown hair escaping from under her Phrygian cap of gold-embroidered black silk; a smart red lining to her black gingham jacket, the collar of her vest stiff with overlapping scales of silver. How she chatters and how she laughs till her nose almost touches her chin! and the old man takes his great pipe out of his mouth and laughs with her, while their honest brown eyes twinkle as merrily as the stream by which we breakfasted this morning. 'Tis merry in hall when the chins wag all!

Meanwhile the train leaves the broad valley and climbs up into the hills; the river has become a torrent, poplars give way to pines and beeches, with walnuts in the fields and fruit trees, of course, all along the roads. I believe we are an express train, but we stop charitably at every station; men dash out desperately across the line as we draw up, and loiter reluctantly back a few minutes later, wiping their mouth with the back of their hand; the guard is not hurried as on week-days, but gives them plenty of time to get in, before bawling out the "Errrrrr—" which stands conventionally for "Fertig!" (Right away!). Here comes one passenger bringing a foaming tankard for his wife, followed by a waitress in costume, with sleeves fit for a bishop. "Ach, du guter lieber Mann!"

exclaims the grateful spouse with her first breath; and now the Episcopal waitress may take back the empty vessel, with an extra penny for her pains. We have worked hard all week, and heard mass at six o'clock this morning, and ours is no *fin-de-siècle* liver to sicken at an honest draught of malt by the way!

We are soon in the heart of the hills, among pine woods and cliffs of granite, with huge stray boulders lying about in the meadows. At Hornberg we are already 1000 feet above the sea; and now the train pants and winds along the hill-side, villages and farms scattered along the torrent-side below, and nothing but pines and granite above us. Triberg comes, and brings a longer halt than usual, and our old couple rise here from their seats. "Adé!" says Darby to us all collectively, and "Adé!" says Joan; and we watch them walking away, shoulder to shoulder, through the crowd of bright Sunday scarlets and whites and greens that is thicker on Triberg platform than elsewhere; but presently our attention is diverted to the episcopal handmaidens who come down the train with baskets of fruit worthy of the Goblin Market, and offered at a less ruinous price.

The train labours upwards again, crawling like a tortoise and doubling like a

hare. We left Triberg ten minutes ago, suddenly it appears down below us on our left; another quarter of an hour and here it is again, far away on the right. We are more than 2000 feet up by this time, and the scenery grows still wilder; granite and pines still, but plenty of colour to relieve them; masses of fox-glove, mountain-ash, elder in profusion—not our common dark-berried elder, but loaded with bright scarlet fruit like bunches of coral—great sulphur butterflies flitting in and out of the sunshine, and making more visible by contrast the darkness of the pines that run sharp up from the ridges into the sky. Our compartment is nearly empty now; only a commercial traveller opposite us, and a graceless youth reading Zola in German, and a young married couple in the far corner, who have just finished feeding their baby, and have laid it down now on a tiny little mattress brought for the purpose, and bend over in adoration to watch it sprawl its naked feet and clutch in the air with its fingers. The train begins to quicken at last, and we plunge into a longer tunnel than any before; hence we emerge upon Sommerau, the highest point of the line (2730 feet). Here the way begins to slope very gently downwards, and we speed on through a

delicious cool breeze along the bottom of a shallow trough of meadow land patched with long stripes of rye and potatoes, and rising gently on either side into dark pineclad ridges. The lazy brooks wind along through thickets of rush and purple loose-strife, and the red roofs of St Georgen contrast vividly with the subdued purple-grey shingles to which our eyes had grown accustomed all up the valley. "This is very pretty country," I remarked to the commercial traveller, who had just been explaining to me how the oil is extracted from the poppy-seeds. "Yes, yes," he answered doubtfully; "but I don't want to live in it. In summer it's colossally hot; and then again, in winter, it's colossally cold." No doubt he was altogether right; but it is none the less a delightful country to travel through.

CHAPTER XII

“Ecce suburbanus clivoso tramite tostor
Volvitur, immissisque pedes securus habenis
Tollit: at hunc facilis fallit punctura ruentem.
Raucisonans late crepat, inflarique recusat
Pneumaticum: hic silices, sua sanguinolentaque fata
Increpat, infestosque deos.”

P. VERG. MARONIS Bicolicon vii. 47.

WE alighted at Donaueschingen, and went to see the source of the Danube, tantalisingly cold and clear in its deep basin of stone; and then we started in intense heat for Schaffhausen. The road led us gradually uphill towards the edge of the great plateau; and at Behla, the last village before the pine-woods, I went into an inn to buy milk for our tea. I found mine host in a great room on the first floor, with the shutters half-closed to keep out the heat; and here sat all the fathers of the village, assembled in their Sunday afternoon conclave round a huge oaken table that groaned with flagons of beer. They were discussing some question of an aqueduct or irrigation scheme, evidently the burning question of local politics, and I wished I could

have waited to hear the matter out. There was a big sort of Benjamin Franklin of a man at one end of the table to whom they all listened with the greatest respect, more especially a sort of Boswell who sat next him. It was interesting to hear how, after he had spoken, there was silence for a minute, until one of the others hazarded an objection, which was taken up by the rest until the conversation broke into groups; and then, when Franklin threw in another weighty word, the rest gradually fell into silence to hear him speak, and the host stood behind his chair and listened, and the housewife flitted to and fro on tiptoe, busying herself about my milk. Three or four of the heads would not have done discredit to any assembly; and there was a solid Roman gravity about the whole conclave in that big dim heavy-beamed room, that suggested the rustic republic whose dictator came straight from his plough to lead the army, and where all the senators were trained in the same school of "stern poverty, and a modest homestead handed down from father to son."

We found a delightful spot for tea under the pines on the ridge; but first we leaned up our cycles, and went forward a few yards into the open. There was another ridge some five miles off to the southwards,

crowned like ours with sombre pines. We turned our eyes that way, and "suddenly—behold—beyond! . . .

There was no thought in either of us for a moment of their being clouds. . . . Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed, the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death." There were the Alps as Ruskin saw them for the first time from the terrace above Schaffhausen, only dimmer in the heat, and with no tinge of sunset on them yet, for it was scarcely half-past four.

We went back and cooked our tea, and enjoyed our last look over the plateau we were about to leave. Vast undulations of bright green pasture and yellow corn, dotted with brilliant red and white villages; a great gap in the hills through which the infant Danube flows; we could see gleams and loops of water here and there, that would never rest till they reached the Black Sea.

The spin down to Zollhaus was delightful; in the Danube basin pastures had preponderated, but here it was all corn, and such corn as one seldom sees for richness and depth of colour; orange-gold, with the dark blue of the distant forests for a background. The road was bordered

by morella cherry trees ; and all the budding Roman senators of the next generation were up among the branches, or eating the fruit out of their hats as they came along. A whole bevy of young girls coming arm-in-arm up the road, bareheaded and bare-armed, in fresh pink Sunday gowns, scattered in well-feigned panic to let us coast by. We ran down more than 600 feet in about four miles ; but after Zollhaus, the road mounted again, for there was that second ridge of 600 feet to be crossed before our final downhill began. We were glad to find that the road went up with uncompromising directness, at an angle down which I, at least, could not possibly have ridden ; for, though it was a stiff bit of work for the time, we were soon at the top ; and then we laughed in our hearts to think that Schaffhausen was only eight or nine miles off, and 1500 feet below us. Schultz, on his Whippet, rode in front, coasting serenely with his feet on the pedals and his machine under perfect command. I followed him backpedalling, and here and there even putting on the brake for fifty yards ; plunging down a devious gorge among meadows and pine-woods, too busy to look out for the Alps again, but delighting in the rush of air and the rapid succession of beautiful views, for the sun was just at the right angle to give

us the happiest effects of light and shade. Bander, a pretty little village between the cliffs and the torrent, was a pleasant sight to-day; all had crept out by this time to make the most of the evening sun. Girls arm-in-arm again, boys cherry-stained and dishevelled; the elders at their windows or tabled outside the inn. Not a trace of the Custom-house officers, who should have been here to levy a duty on our bicycles! So down we ran to Möris-hausen, as pretty and as *endimanché* as Bander; but here our misfortunes began; for, alighting ill-advisedly to doctor Schultz's leaking tyre, we (or rather I, in my misplaced zeal), burst it in the pumping up. A sympathetic pastor assured us that it was only about three-quarters of a "Stunde" to Schaffhausen, which, on the analogy of previous information, we took to mean three miles. We were late already, and it seemed quicker to walk so short a distance; but after walking three solid miles and then meeting a sign-post that announced five kilometres more, Schultz saw that he had best patch up and have done with it; so he set his bicycle against a tree, and stuck manfully to his work, in spite of the flies, which had become appallingly aggressive in proportion as the sky grew overcast with every symptom of a thunderstorm. I had gone

on to find water and brew a jorum of Bovril, wherewith to stay our already clamorous appetites ; and I found him with his arms literally bleeding from the horse-flies, but just finishing, and triumphant. In five minutes we were able to go on again, and in twenty more we came down suddenly from our narrow valley upon Schaffhausen and the Rhine. We had heard the waters long before we saw them : and now a fresh breeze, with quite an unmistakable scent of spray in it, came to meet us like a gust from the sea. Then, suddenly, through a gap in the houses, we saw the broad rapids of the Alpine river, here carded into long white fleeces among the rocks, and there leaping high into the air ; but mostly sweeping down in masses of cool jade-green, with a steady roar that resolved itself, as we listened, into something like the patter of innumerable small feet and the babble of innumerable voices. It was like a sudden plunge into a new world. A sharp turn to the right, and then we followed the racing waters to our night's quarters at Neuhausen, where we alighted very hungry and tired, less from the distance than from the heat. We secured a room from whose balcony we could catch a glimpse of the Falls below us, and were very glad to get our legs under the table

at last, and feel that the labours of the day were over.

I shall not attempt to describe the Falls; those who have seen them will always remember, and those who have not will never know. We went down to them after dinner. An hour ago we had watched from our balcony how the thunderclouds were massing round the snow mountains; and now the sky was pitchy dark, and big with floods of rain. We scrambled down to the edge of the Falls and drank in the sound, and cooled our faces in the spray; there was barely light enough to see the white masses tossing mountain-high in that reverberating darkness. Even Nature generally does best by leaving something to the imagination; and that roaring deluge seemed more prodigious under the inky thundercloud than I had ever thought it by day. We climbed up again just in time to escape the first sullen splashes of the storm, and slept once more like tired children, to the distant roar of the Rhine.

CHAPTER XIII

August 8.

WOKE at 6.30, to the roar of the Rhine again. Floods had fallen in the night, and the sky was still overcast; but the sun's heat beat through, and presently the day grew as sultry as though no storm had been. We were to look round the Falls again, and see after our luggage, and then train on to Zürich, whence we hoped to ride to Arth and sleep the night on the Rigi. But it was a day of muddles; what between the Swiss station and the Baden station, with a mile and a half of hilly road between them, and the Douanier who wouldn't leave his breakfast in time to pass our luggage through, and the porter who wouldn't hurry him up, and my own dawdling in a shop over post-cards and balsams for fly-bites: at any rate, the net result was that we ran our train too close, and while I was fighting the baggage and bicycles through, Schultz,

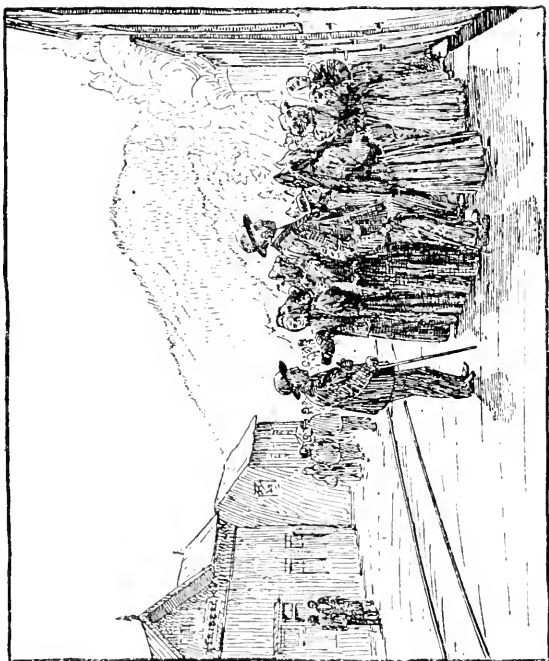
commissioned to secure our places, had taken them by a natural error in the nearest train; and when I had rushed into the right one, and walked from end to end in search of him, it became evident that, while I was travelling to Zürich, he was going in the opposite direction to Schaffhausen. I managed to send off a telegram at our first stopping-place, addressed to "The Englishman in light grey flannel jacket and knickers, Station Platform, Schaffhausen," and spent the rest of the morning at Zürich hanging about the post-office for a reply from him. I imagined him infringing unconsciously some law of the Medes and Persians, and an officious gendarme, and my poor friend fighting desperately against fearful odds on a foreign platform, and hauled off at last to some mediæval dungeon; but at 1.30 the next train brought him in safe and sound, and we were too glad at meeting again to think more of the hours that were gone. His only fight, it appeared, had been with a stout Swiss who had good-naturedly tried to restrain him from jumping out when he found the train beginning to start without me. "I gave him a shove, and he doubled up into a corner; but all our baggage went on to the floor; and before I could pick it up again, the

train was off the platform: so I could only say, 'What the!'" But you need to have seen my friend Schultz, and to hear him begin, "What the!" and then stop short in his great soul, to realise how that honest Swiss must have felt. Our one consolation was that each had had enough faith in our speedy meeting to enjoy without undue anxiety the beauty of the journey from Schaffhausen to Zürich in bright sunshine.

But before we had seen all the sights of Zürich the black clouds came up again, with sudden torrents of rain that sent us scuttling into the shelter of an arcade, where we found a confectioner's shop. The pâtissière gave us tea worthy of England, with fresh cream and ambrosial little cakes, at a price so moderate that we wondered whether it wouldn't pay to come and live at Zürich for the sake of what one would save on afternoon tea alone. The rain ceased again for just long enough to let us see the Cathedral and fetch our bicycles across from station to station; then, at about 5.30, it began again in grim earnest. At the main station cloakroom we found our bicycles side by side among some thirty, leaning against each other like cards in a pack. The porter, "schort schuldred, brode, a thikke knarre," had no sooner identified them than

he seized the next machine on the right, and with one mighty wrench sent the whole dozen on that side to the right about, flat on the floor, jangling together like a cartload of old iron. We hastened to seize our own and wheel them off, but were yet in time to see him bend down, and grip the undermost, and set the whole pack upright again with a second crash against the rest.

The rain and the loss of time had compelled us to give up the Rigi; and we determined to spend the night on the Uetliberg instead, and ride on next day to Brunnen. The Uetliberg rises 1500 feet above Zürich; it was interesting to watch our engine pant up through the steep meadows and pine-forest; but little by little the rain thickened upon us; soon we were in a cloud; before we reached the station it was almost dark, and no sunset to be thought of, our only idea was to get to our inn as dry as might be. We had boldly decided, for cheapness' sake, on the Uto-Staffel Hotel, five minutes further on, but very comfortable, as we were told. Those were five long minutes, for we lost our way in the dark among a network of paths through the wood, and toiled up braes and slid down banks, cycles and baggage and all, and the rain



THE PLATFORM AT TRIBERG

dripped double from the soaked pines over our heads ; and we fell into wrath and mutual recriminations, until one went forward to spy, and came upon our haven of refuge not fifty yards off, and in a moment rain and depression were forgotten like a dream.

On coming down to dinner we found that our places had been laid at one end of a long table, away from the half a dozen ladies who were our fellow-guests. "A tabby party!" whispered Schultz across to me, in a loud aside, as we sat down, and I really blushed for him ; married men grow so brutal in those ways ! Personally I should have been very glad to move up and talk to them, for they seemed very pleasant, and in one way at least one is always pretty safe with a lady ; they don't talk golf over their dinner. After the soup, to my surprise and relief, Schultz himself moved up towards them and remarked in a firm voice that it was a very rainy evening, and hereupon the conversation became general. The ladies went out after dinner, leaving us to enjoy our wine and cigars, and the pleasant murmur of their chatter and laughter from the adjoining room. We went out for five minutes upon the balcony, the rain had ceased, and the clouds had broken enough to show a few stars here and there in the

velvety depth of sky : just enough light to betray a dim suspicion of green in the black forest over which our balcony looked out. Below and beyond, a study in pure indigo ; the lake, the woods, and the distant mountains all visible through the transparent rain-washed darkness, while Zürich at our feet was alive with infinite coruscations of light—millions of microscopic needle-points from the streets, and long-drawn quivering reflections on the river. This sight alone would have rewarded us for the journey up ; but the cold soon drove us in again, and we sat down in silence to write our letters home. Presently the door opened gently, and one of the ladies glided in like a mouse, saw us, and was gliding out as swiftly again when a word from Schultz stopped her, polite in form but unconsciously imperative in tone.

“ You were coming to play.”

She confessed she was.

“ And to sing.”

Confessed again, in a subdued apologetic tone : I half expected to see her drop a curtsy as she spoke.

“ Oh, please do, then ; we are both very fond of music ; and if our cigars—— ”

Oh, no, they were as fond of cigars as we were of music.

“ That’s right ! I’m sorry not to be

accomplished enough to offer to turn over the pages for you; and if you will excuse my going on with my letter to my wife——”

Oh, they would excuse anything from a man who showed so plainly, in polite and considerate language, that he was accustomed to know what he wanted, and to get it. Four of the rest had come in and taken their seats by this time; and now we heard a scurry down the passage, and a little gasp of “Katie, you’re wanted—you and your songs.” And in the twinkling of an eye Katie was singing her heart out at the piano, while Schultz wrote, and puffed, and stared up at the ceiling for inspiration, and puffed and wrote again.

“Bravo! Thank you — thank you! Won’t you give us another? From the ‘Geisha’? Yes, thank you; I’m very fond of that.” He resumed, even while speaking, the interrupted thread of his letter. And yet I think he did really enjoy the music; and I am sure they enjoyed playing and singing to him. My own poor words of studied and deferential appreciation were as dust in the balance; neither did it profit me that I laid aside my letter and put on my best concert behaviour all the time. By the time they had played their fingers into a palsy, and sung themselves hoarse, he had finished

his letter; after which he unbent very prettily, and related my various crimes and misadventures with a *verve* which amused even me, who laboured under the double disadvantage of being the victim, and knowing the bare truth of these entertaining romances. If these pages should ever meet the eye of any one of those kind and gracious ladies who were at the Uto Kulm on the evening of this 8th of August, I hope that, amid her pleasant recollections of the imperious gentleman who elicited such a display of her musical talents, and amused her with such lively pictures of my imbecility, she will spare one sigh of pity for the retiring fellow-traveller who sat in the corner and was butchered to make her holiday.

CHAPTER XIV

"Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,
The setting sun to see;
Sullen and grim he went to bed,
Sullen and grim went we.
Nine sleepless hours of night we passed,
The rising sun to see;
Sullen and grim he rose at last,
Sullen and grim rose we."

The Laureate of the Rigi.

August 9.

WE had ourselves called at 3.30; and, in spite of the unpromising weather, we rose doggedly by the cold glimmer of approaching dawn, and packed our luggage, and wheeled up a couple of hundred feet to the summit. The morning air was raw, and the mountain wet under foot, with a strong wind from the S.W.; but we lingered nearly an hour on the summit, making hot coffee to help out our breakfast, and trotting about from one point of view to another in the faint hope of a clearing. The lower heights were plain enough—Black Forest and Vosges, and hills beyond the lake of Zürich; even Rigi and Pilatus were clear at first; but before sunrise they too

were wrapt in cloud, and our one hearty thought of consolation was, that we had wasted no time or money on that ascent yesterday. About daybreak we were rejoiced by one fine effect of cloud-masses in the sky ; but the cold was nipping, and we saw rain falling here and there in the distance ; so we were glad to pack up hurriedly and get on. Our path led at first along the very ridge of the mountain, in and out of woods, with a wide view on either side. Presently, we met a sort of bailiff or keeper, with a huge St Bernard, who showed us how to get down to the main road, an expeditious path enough for walkers in decent weather ; but, for us, it ended in our taking our cycles on our backs, baggage and all, and so stumbling down some three-quarters of a mile at an angle of sixty degrees. So long as the path was only the bed of a small torrent, all went well enough, but when it led over smooth slopes of wet clay, it was beyond words. However, we escaped without any serious slips, and at last we found ourselves perspiring and exhausted, but safe, on the high road by Stallikon Church. The rest of our ride would have been delightful in sunshine, and was very enjoyable even under these gathering clouds. First up the trough of a valley, with meadows until half-way up

the sides, and pines on the ridges; beautiful marsh plants in the flat fields by the streamlet—flowering rush, and the pale scented marsh-pink, and masses of meadow-sweet. Then, at Kloster, the road divided, leading to the right in zigzags over the ridge, or following the gentle slope of the valley to the left. We chose the left: and here we stopped for our second breakfast, at a *châlet*-farmhouse-post-office-inn, where we found the quarters just tolerable until towards the end of our meal, when our host came in fresh from the cow-stall, and so painfully hospitable and familiar and garlicose, that we hastened from his presence into the fresh air. A steepish climb brought us to the shallow lake of Turl, whose margin, white with cotton-rush and grass of Parnassus, we skirted for nearly a mile; after which the road began to dip, and ran pleasantly down to Kappel. Here is an unusually tall church, rising above a picturesque group of buildings on a knoll somewhat aside from the road; and here the Swiss reformer, Zwingli, died fighting for his faith in battle; but we had no time to look for his monument, for at this point the first shower came on. However, it soon left off again, and we wheeled downwards once more, along a charming road into Zug.

Zug is a very pretty town—even since the great landslip of 1887 that swept so many of its towers into the lake—and the view across the water to Rigi and Pilatus must be magnificent on a finer day. But with us it was still chilly, and threatening rain: so we only stayed to look round the town, and then pushed on again for Brunnen. We skirted the lake, with cold grey waves chasing each other to the shore, and clouds settling lower and lower upon the Rigi. At Arth we took in water for lunch, but hardly had we begun to bivouac outside the village when the drizzle began again. A cellar under a house, the nightly abode of goats, soon proved an impossible place of refuge; and we were very glad to come across a little sort of tavern some quarter of a mile further on, where we ordered coffee and bread and butter, and consumed therewith the tongue which we had bought at Zug. Hostess and guests were all definitely of the labouring class, but the whole place was clean and fresh; one often finds this in Switzerland and Germany. At last a lull came in the rain, and we started once more. We stopped presently to have a good look at the enormous masses of earth and boulders that swept down from the Rossberg and buried four villages in 1806; but the drizzle came on again, and this

time for good. The clouds sank lower and lower, and our spirits with them; a melancholy owl hooted at intervals down from the forests of the Rigi, echoing dismally from cliff to cliff along the valley; the water began to trickle down our necks, and our wheels dragged in the deepening slush. Near Lowertz, we overtook a little man on a Bantam, after whom laboured a sorry parson on a tricycle, with a dripping wideawake and drenched black clothes that clung to his skin. The little man raced us gallantly, and, misled no doubt by the Teutonic shape of Schultz's straw hat, called out to him in German as he passed. There was something familiar to me about the back and the voice, and Schultz looked hard at the speaker before answering:—"You mustn't try me in Greek; I was a mathematical scholar, you remember." For it was none other than Blake, our senior tutor of old; Blake, most indolent and sarcastic of Dons, to whom, twenty years ago, steamed up our lamentation and our ancient tale of wrong, of extortionate cooks and unappetising dinners in Hall, of dull lectures and dreary chapels, while he lay beside his nectar and hurled his bolts, and found, no doubt, a music in our doleful song. How often, looking back on those times, Schultz and

I had wished we might meet old Blake some day on neutral ground, and be able to give him a piece of our mind! And here at last, in Switzerland, Playground of the Nations, most neutral of all neutral grounds, we had fallen upon our prey! . . . And yet I was not altogether comfortable now; and it came back to me that I used to be a good deal afraid of him at St Christopher's. But meanwhile Schultz had spoken again: "You don't know me, Mr Blake, but I haven't forgotten you. My name is Schultz: I stroked the College boat in '78, and took a Senior Op. next year."

"Oh yes, Schultz, of course!" He had not lost his lisp nor the pathetic tremor in his voice which had impressed me so the first few times I heard it. "His words are softer than butter," we used to quote as we came down the steps after an occasional interview: "His words are softer than butter, having war in his heart."

"And this is Coulton," proceeded Schultz; "*he* was a classical man, but you won't remember him."

"Oh yes, perfectly! it is very pleasant to meet you both. Let me see, what are you doing now, Schultz? . . . Ah yes, a good profession; there's no lack of raw material for you, at anyrate. I read that

column of the *Times* with bated breath every morning. And you are doing well, no doubt, and married, by this time."

"I have five boys of my own," answered Schultz with a touch of pardonable pride.

"Five boys! Why, there you have plenty to do, if all else should fail. I'm always glad to hear of St Christopher's men doing well in life."

"Well, to be quite frank with you, Mr Blake, I never reckon that we owe much of it to the College. The only tutor I can remember ever getting the least help from was the late Bishop of Wapping."

The little man made a wry face for a moment, but his rugged features returned at once to their habitual ironical smile; and he answered in his pleasant pathetic little voice, "Ah, yes, the Bishop! You were a mathematical man, and of course the mathematical teaching of the College was under his especial supervision. I am glad to hear that you felt—as indeed I'm sure we all felt—the better for his genial and manly influence."

"That wasn't quite the way I put it."

"No? But you'll see it that way now, my dear Schultz. Under the responsibilities of so vigorous a family as you speak of, you yourself must have learnt by this time how hard it is for all of us to influence the young—and may I add, the

thoughtless?—just as one would wish. But I am glad you are doing so well, perhaps I may some day have the pleasure of an introduction to Mrs Schultz.”

I exchanged glances with my friend, and we understood each other. Evidently there was no getting the better of Blake in these days, any more than of old, when we were worms beneath his feet. And besides, we began to realise that this little grizzled old fellow on his bantam was quite keeping us on the stretch; and we remembered how his black coat used to keep up with us down the towing-path on race days, and what trophies of past aquatic triumphs hung in his rooms among the Raphael Morghens and the Arundels. There was no quarrelling with such a case-hardened, imperturbable little Don, even though kinder memories had not intervened. And suddenly another recollection came into my mind: “Oughtn’t we to call you ‘Mr Dean?’” I asked; “didn’t I see, a week or two ago . . .”

“Oh you needn’t be so formal with me for the present. I have not yet entered into possession, and here, on our holidays, . . . to tell the truth, I have already had occasion to regret that they have found me out at my hotel. . . . By the bye,” he broke in, “I am afraid we are riding away from my companion.”

We looked round. The dank and dripping parson was a good quarter of a mile in the rear, struggling along on foot, so far as we could see, through the rain. "What's the matter?" shouted our companion, and turning to Schultz, he added, "perhaps you can shout louder than I can."

"What's — the — matter?" bellowed Schultz. The unhappy man made no answer, but seemed to be mending his pace. "What's — the — matter?" No answer again, only by this time he was evidently trotting.

"Ah, I see he has plenty of work still left in him; perhaps we had better mount again, and give him a lead as before. There is after all no tie between us beyond our common cloth, and the persistency with which he has fastened himself upon me at the hotel. I started this morning from Brunnen to ride round the Rigi, and I found it difficult to decline his company." But we had hardly mounted, when we heard such a heartrending wail from the poor derelict that there was nothing for it but to dismount and wait for him.

"Well?" asked Blake with some impatience, as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"Oh, Mr Dean!" The poor wretch had no breath for more. All our machines

were fairly clogged with mud, but his tricycle seemed to have taken up whole tracts of Canton Schwyz upon its wheels.

"I'm afraid my chain is going wrong," he gasped, as he came up with us. "You see, the gear-case got a little broken at one end in the train——." The thing was in fact half full of mud.

"Yes, yes, we must put that to rights at once. It's very simple."

"Oh it's very good of you, Mr Dean; I'm only sorry to think that I should be giving you so much trouble!"

"Not at all, not at all! You will only have to stop a bit and take off the gear-case. You know how to do that?"

"Oh, yes, . . . that is . . ."

"Then why didn't you say you didn't? Look here, now, while I explain."

"Oh, thank you, Mr Dean!"

" . . . and that's all you'll have to do," ended the Dean. "Of course you'll have to stop once or twice afterwards to clean the chain again when it clogs. But there's no reason why you shouldn't be able to get to Brunnen by dinner-time." And he turned to his own machine again, and the poor victim's face fell.

"But, Mr Dean, I am not . . . I don't think I know the way."

"Ah, that's right; you know you don't know this time; that's the first step.

Look here now, that's the direction, and you can't miss the road without turning aside to ride up one of these two mountains, which I presume you won't be tempted to do. You pass through Schwyz, there in front of us; or rather through Seewis, which lies a little lower down; and then, I believe, you have the choice of two roads. One is long, and I'm afraid it may be rather heavy in this weather; the other is a short cut down by the river. You'll have to ride through an inch or so of water here and there, but that's the road we are going to take, so you see you can't miss the way."

The other was profuse in abject apologies, and he could never forgive himself for having given Mr Dean so much trouble.

"Oh, don't mention it. If you find it *very* hard work, perhaps you had better stay at Seewis; they are sure to be able to lend you dry clothes—they always do at these Swiss hotels. And be sure you take something warm. Good-bye; God bless you!"

He shook his victim affectionately by the hand; and as we rode on, he turned to me again, and murmured in his pathetic little voice, with the lingering emphasis of genuine emotion—

"Sic . . . me . . . servavit . . . Apollo!
Translate that to Schultz."



EMS, NEAR COIRE

“Thank you!” replied Schultz, who knows his Horace pretty well by heart.

We all wheeled on together to Brunnen, chatting pleasantly the while, and not too conscious of the rain or of the few inches of water here and there across the lower road. I think our companion had spoken the truth; he was glad to meet us again, if only for the salvation we had brought him. We parted on the quay at Brunnen, knowing that he was sure to be staying at the “Waldstätter Hof,” and explaining that this did not suit our pocket. No; he had, indeed, been staying at the Waldstätter Hof; but he had made up his mind now to go on to Bellinzona by the evening train. He thought the air of Italy might suit him better just now, he explained, with his gently ironical smile. He was very glad to have met us. *Good-bye!* I think he would have added his benison, but perhaps he saw a twinkle in our eyes; at any rate, he only repeated his good-bye, and we went on to our humbler quarters at the “Hirsch.”

CHAPTER XV

“Insomuch that Rhasis doth not only commend, but enjoin travel and such variety of objects to a melancholy man, ‘and to lie in diverse inns, to be drawn into several companies.’”—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

BRUNNEN looked dismal enough, to be sure ; the streets swimming with water ; lake and mountains blurred almost out of sight in the drizzle ; the “Grand Bazar” simply jammed full of dripping tourists waiting to be off by the next boat. Even when I had fought my way through to the counter, not an English paper was to be bought there ; we were obliged to fall back on the French and the German, and read with gnashing of teeth how the whole Continent supposed us to have had our tail twisted in some Chinese negotiation, and to have retired precipitately. It is not inspiriting to have to spend most of the afternoon in bed, on the prettiest spot of the Lake of Lucerne, while your clothes are drying for dinner. Even at dinner they were a trifle damp ; but by this time we had summoned all our philosophy to our aid. After all, we had come to Switzerland to enjoy ourselves, and rain is one of the kindly dis-

pensations of Providence, falling alike on the just and the unjust—and the soup was undeniably good, to begin with ; and our fellow-guests looked very happy, and so by this time were we.

My neighbours on the left were two maiden ladies, jocund and well-liking in their middle-aged spinsterhood, of whom the elder was very voluble, while the younger listened in dutiful silence, only assenting to every remark of her sister's with nods and wreathed smiles. I soon learned, among other information of interest, that they came from Cambridge-shire, where there were not so many mountains as here, nor so many mosquitoes. Miss —— was inclined to connect the mosquitoes in some way with the mountains. Not that she had been up any of the mountains yet, but they looked as if they might breed mosquitoes. She had heard that bears and chamois were not yet wholly extinct.

At the mention of mosquitoes, Schultz pricked up his ears. He gave an eloquent sketch of his own sufferings—described the state of his ankles especially—in language of vivid directness, but, I must own, of studious propriety. He had a numerous audience here ; the subject lay near to his heart ; and I have seldom heard him so eloquent. Why, he concluded, should

all the flies of Baden and Switzerland, countries teeming with animal life, single his body out for torture? and why in particular his ankles?

My neighbour was sympathetic and motherly. She only feared it might have some connection with his diet. Was it wise, for instance, to drink beer under such circumstances? (for the waiter had just brought us our third and final glasses). Beer inflamed the blood; beer was a slow poison, and the very root of all infirmities. Above all things, beer was rheumatic, and rheumatism always flew to the ankles, as she herself had reason to know, for—

But Schultz had not started the subject of flies in order to hear about Miss ——'s rheumatism. He reminded her that we also had lived some time in the very capital of Cambridgeshire, and had there indulged moderately but regularly in beer, without being eaten up by mosquitoes.

“Oh, but you were younger then.” The argument was unanswerable, and our neighbour pursued: “Well, *I* never take beer nowadays. Not that I have so very much to complain of myself from the flies after all: it's my poor sister who's such a martyr!” And she drew back an inch or two to allow full sight of the younger lady, who nodded and simpered assent, the incarnation of good-tempered

martyrdom. "You see," continued the elder, "so long as *she's* there, they never care so much for me, and that's why we always sleep together. But they do so plague her, poor thing! I often wonder how she can bear it!"

The remedy was ingenious and no doubt effectual, but it was not within everybody's reach; and I could not help smiling inwardly to think how little the neighbourhood of my tough and unappetising carcase had availed to divert the plague from my friend.

By this time the discussion had become general. Each complained of his own wounds, and each had a different remedy to suggest. A lady on the other side suggested *eau-de-cerises*, she believed it was called *Kirchwasser* in this part of Switzerland—not cherry-brandy, that was quite different—but a drop or two of *eau-de-cerises*, now, on a lump of sugar whenever the bites were particularly irritating. . . . In any case, she also felt that beer could hardly be the right thing. . . . And the kind advice poured in from all sides, till Schultz was a thousand times sorry to have spoken, and retired abruptly to smoke his cigar in peace. I joined him presently in the verandah, a soothed and chastened man. The rain had ceased for a while; the

cool air soothed his burning ankles, and as our evening smoke went up to heaven, we talked over the day's adventures, and laughed till the waiters came out to see what was the matter. Do not all misadventures work together for mirth in the long run, to those who have cut the same lectures, and quaffed from the same scone-pot, and ploughed together in prehistoric ages the inky waters of Barnwell Pool !

CHAPTER XVI

“Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions
spread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.”

GOLDSMITH.

August 10.

UP again at 4.30; raining hard; to bed again for a while. I looked out at about 6.30 again; the mountains were still clouded, but no actual rain; so after a consultation we dressed more or less under protest, and started without much enthusiasm, though the weather already looked more promising now than half an hour ago. We rode half a mile, and then took our breakfast on the parapet by the roadside, dropping crumbs into the water for the fishes, and watching the wreaths of cloud as they curled over the Rothstock at the end of the lake. Even on this unpromising morning the grandeur of the view impressed our dull souls, and our spirits rose rapidly as we bowled on again along that marvellous road between the precipice and the lake, gladdened first by one ray of sunshine and then by another, until, by the time we had

reached Fluelen, the clouds promised to break for the day. A French Swiss accosted us on the platform, grizzled and military-looking, in great wide zouave knickers that reminded us painfully of a "divided skirt"; he had caught sight of the two fellow-bicyclists, and came over to tell us that we might effect a considerable saving by taking one ticket for the three machines; would I do so? We were nothing loth: I took the ticket, and he looked at the amount. "Pardonnez-moi, monsieur; combien? Ah, c'est ça! vingt-six sous. Ça fait neuf, et neuf, et huit; voilà, monsieur." And he handed me his eight sous, and went off with unconcealed delight at having scored a sou out of us, and several more out of the railway company; we saw him no more until he came to claim his machine under shelter of my ticket at Goeschenen.

Our compartment was full of Roman Catholic seminarists—professors and pupils. To-day was the feast of St Lawrence the Martyr; and Schultze, who had never been in Italy, was especially amused to observe the naïve simplicity with which they jumbled up breviary and Baedeker and scenery, quite as a matter of course. *Donec ponam inimicos tuos scabellum pedum tuorum. . . .* Voilà la Maienreus. . . . Non, c'est plutôt le Kerstelenbach: re-

gardez un peu la carte! . . . *de torrente in viâ bibet, propterea exaltabit caput. Amen.*

We had enough sunshine already for the foreground, but the higher peaks were still in the clouds, and we missed especially the splendid pyramid of the Bristenstock from the end of the valley. Before we reached Goeschenen, it was unmistakable broiling sunshine, and we had hard work pushing our laden machines up to the Devil's Bridge. We lunched half a mile beyond Andermatt, on a slope that overlooked the whole Urseren valley, and the three great passes of Furka, St Gotthard, and Oberalp. It was after lunch that the worst part of the ascent began: we had come up 1300 feet from Goeschenen, and had still 3000 more to climb in the seven miles that separated us now from the summit of the Oberalp Pass. But we trudged on manfully at nearly four miles an hour, with fresh glories opening upon us as we rose, and "paced" by a sturdy matron of fifty or sixty, barefooted and heavy-laden, who went straight up by the short cuts. For all our efforts, the stout old dame never failed to appear just above us again at each fresh zigzag, showing a not unshapely ankle and a sunburnt calf which any athlete might have envied. At the top of the pass we found a barren passage between the rocks, a

dreary lake, snow by the wayside, and a N.E. wind that raked us through and through; hurriedly we mounted and pressed on, and were soon plunging down upon the other side, where a thread of white foam rushes in leaps and bounds down a thousand feet of precipice; this is the infant Rhine, fresh from his cradle in the Toma See.

There is a peculiar intoxication in the ride down a real Alpine pass;—the rush through the air, the dizzy zigzags of the road, in among the pines and out into the sunshine, while the white torrent roars after you far below, and the mountains shift like a pageant as you pass—

“The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands;
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.”

Yes, and good luck go with them! One moment you saw them, and now here is some fresh and lovelier picture, fit for a day's contemplation at any other time; but here the wheels bound under you like a living thing, and your pulse so quickens with the intoxication of the race that not a sight or sound passes unheeded in all this giddy whirl. No doubt, in an ordinary way, dame Nature brews her nectar to be sipped; but there are moments when it repents not to have seized the cup

and drained it greedily to the dregs: tip up your elbow, and never breathe till the last drop is gone, and then wipe your lips and thank God for the draught. It is good to have cycled down an Alpine pass!

We pass through fields of rye—Chiamut is the highest corn-growing village in all Europe, says Baedeker—and mark the great frames of pine-trunks in the fields, on which the corn is hastily tossed to dry before the early winter storms come on. Then village after village of purple-grey timber, each nestling round a slender spire; gaunt weather-beaten peasants whose voices sound strange and sonorous as they call to each other across the way; for they still speak a Latin dialect. These are the descendants of those who, in 1799, having surprised and cut in pieces a body of French invaders, decked their altars with the bloody uniforms of the slain¹; and whose very women, during the Thirty Years' war, played the Jael by a whole village at a time, and in one night cut the throats of some hundreds of Austrian soldiers who had come in all charity, with pike and musket, to lead the wanderers back into the Catholic fold.²

¹ H. Zschokke. *Die Schweiz*. Dritte Auflage, 1871, p. 36.

² See Bp. Burnet's "Letters from Switzerland and Italy," 3rd ed., Rotterdam, 1687, p. 70.

We turn a sudden corner and behold a flock of goats right in our path. Must we dash into the midst of them and deal (or receive) death and destruction? They skip aside under our very wheels; in the twinkling of an eye they are dispersed to the four winds, and next moment even the cries of the herdsman sound faint behind us, as he calls back his flock from the precipice and the forest. Masses of Alpine flowers and fruit—barberry, coral-like scarlet elderberry, the yellow fox-glove, Canterbury bells, monkshood, a blaze of crimson pinks—just time enough to mark each with fresh pleasure, as we pass. A sudden fragrance, laden with memories as sweet as itself; a mile onward you know that it was mountain thyme.

But now the descent slackens perceptibly, and we become aware that the sun is westering fast. The shadows creep up the hillsides; the blue smoke of evening curls up from the villages below; a glacier, seen for a moment in the opening of the hills, shows cold and grey; only the peaks still catch the rosier light. At Trons, sheer hunger compels us to stop; for the road has become heavy, and this is our last chance of a square meal for some miles to come. But the landlady is dilatory and exasperating; nor do her viands, when at last they appear, come up to

the ideal which our hungry fancy had painted. The sun set while we were at dinner, and we had still twelve miles further to ride. All went well enough at first, and the valley looked its best in the early dusk; but presently we crossed the river and came among the woods; and here we found the road not only greasy, but badly cut up by the diligence and other vehicles. Schultz, straightest of riders, goes on gaily at his usual pace, even in the dark; while I can only bend painfully over my lamp, and bump along somehow among the hoof-tracks in the middle; until suddenly some accursed wheel has cut right across the road, and sends me flying, with the precision of a railway "switch," right among the labyrinth of ruts, where I scramble off just in time to avoid plunging into the river on the left or charging the solid cliff on the right. It gives one a strange feeling to ride at ten miles an hour in the dark, with one's hind wheel curveting and caracoling all the time like a vicious horse; and I could not help thinking of poor Lucretius:—

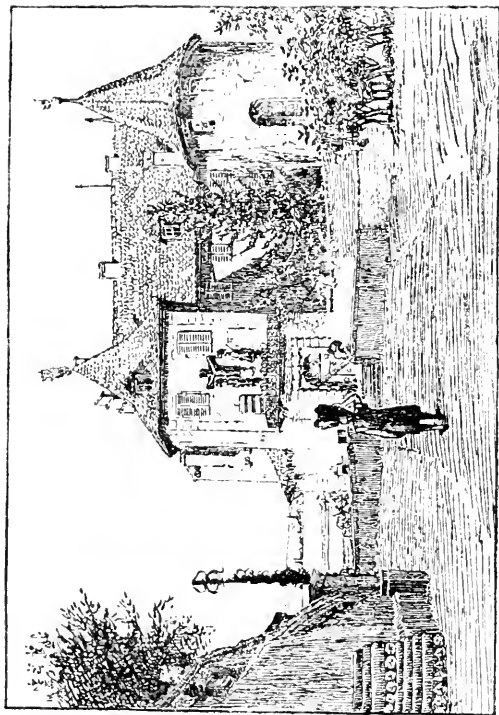
"But now it seems some unseen monster lays
His vast and filthy hands upon my *wheel*,
Dragging it backwards into his——"

But I set my teeth, and gripped the handles till my wrists ached again, and strained my eyes to catch the dim gleam of the lamp-

light on the track, and consoled myself with the reflection that the Gods would give an end to these evils also—whether by sudden extinction, or by a successful arrival at our journey's end. I remember dimly that there were glowworms by the wayside; I remember that the river was always just beneath the road, roaring for my bones in the darkness; then suddenly a few scattered lights, a plunge into a black tunnel which turns out to be only a covered bridge; and now I emerge upon a broad street, in which my friend stands waiting for me. This is Ilanz, the ancient capital of the Grey League. Schultz tells me that we have done the twelve miles in eighty minutes; I wouldn't do it again for five pounds.

A fortunate chance—or perhaps the instinct of experienced travellers—led us to the Hôtel Rheinkrone, from whence issued sounds of music. We opened the door, and found ourselves in a large saloon, lighted only at one corner by a lamp over the piano; grandmother playing valse, mother dancing with her eldest son, and the two girls partnering each other; a very pretty picture in this Rembrandt light. The piano is silent at our entrance; and the hostess comes forward—tall, graceful, unembarrassed, only a little flushed and breathless, and a little

amused to have been caught like this. Why, certainly she can give us rooms! and she names a price reasonable even to our modest purses; and the tall, broad-shouldered host, with black eyebrows and grizzly beard, sits down to chat with us over our glass of beer, and shows us with pardonable pride the silver cups won by his Choral Society; after which he leads us up to a clean and spacious room that overlooks the Rhine. For a few minutes we lean out of the window to look at the stars, and their reflection in the rushing grey waters, and the dim outlines of snowy peaks which we shall see in purple and gold at to-morrow's dawn; then we lie down and sleep once more to the music of the river, and the rustling of tall poplars by our window side.



THE CASTLE OF MEERSBURG

CHAPTER XVII

“ Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright ;
The bridal of the earth and sky ! ”

G. HERBERT.

August 11.

WOKE at six, and rose as fresh as daisies to salute the rising morn. The sun was already over the hill-tops, flooding the whole valley with light ; silver mists floated down the river, and wove delicate wreaths in and out of the forests on the mountain-side. We went down to the bridge before breakfast, and saw in all its perfection the view at which we had only guessed the night before. Beyond and above all those pine-clad ridges that dovetailed into each other towards the head of the valley, cut out in sharp dazzling snow against the forget-me-not blue of the morning sky, stood the two fangs of Brigelserhorn and Tödi, buttressed with purple masses of rock whose rugged outlines were softened here and there by faint lilac clouds—the whole so ethereal, and yet so clear and solid, as only distant mountains can appear. Pre-

sently one of the daughters of the house came and called us in to our chocolate and creamy butter and fragrant honey, which Frau Castelberg set before us with smiling unfeigned hospitality, and stood by with her husband to wish us good appetite and to hear our enthusiastic praise of their town and their inn; while the girls lingered and listened in the background, probably wondering all the while what sort of country we came from, that we could get so excited over half a dozen hills, each garnished with a sufficient pine-forest, and a couple of barren mountain-peaks behind them. We took leave of them all like old friends, and went to look at the upper town—steep narrow streets; houses of rough-hewn stone with the family scutcheon rudely sculptured over the door; this is the town which, from the fifteenth century down to our own days, was the capital of the Grey League—a group of tiny independent republics, in which each man had a like vote, and was equal to all his fellows before the law, at a time when even in England there was far less liberty and self-government than this.

The road rises fairly steeply upwards from Ilanz, and already the sun was high; but we were still 2300 feet above the sea, and his heat was further tempered by a just perceptible breath from the N.E., full in

our faces. We agreed that, if the Clerk of the Weather had spread out his whole assortment before us, we could have chosen no more delightful pattern than this for to-day's ride. The views were charming, both up and down the valley, and the villages perfect; each planted on its own little eminence amid a mass of fruit trees, and looking down over steep slopes of standing corn and meadows, to where the Rhine tumbled along between ragged precipices, thinly clothed at intervals with pines. Presently our road turned inwards, and dipped rapidly into a ravine deep in the hillside, where a single arch of narrow stone spanned the torrent at a dizzy height. We put our feet up, and careered past a company of soldiers in a cart, one of whom bawled out to us that our wheels were going round; at which the cliffs echoed with stentorian laughter, and we laughed ourselves to think that the time-honoured friends of our youth should still be so fresh in these Rhaetian fastnesses. We had a steep climb out of the ravine, and stopped on the way to drink at a little spring in a wood, and look back for the last time at Ilanz and its two silver pyramids behind. It makes me thirsty again, here as I write, to think of that spring; the mossy trough of hollowed pine-log that might have grown thus, without axe

or hammer, for the free service of the wayfarer; the cool lush leaves, full-fed from its overflowings, through which we waded knee-deep to come at it—wild mint and marjoram, and all fragrant wild herbs, steaming with morning dew like incense in that tepid air—and then the childish delight of drinking with mouth and nose and eyes, plunging face and all into the water, and finally our very arms up to the elbows, coolest of sedatives to the heated rider! And yet the day had all the freshness of early spring, with something added from all the best of the seasons; an April air, the freshness of May in foliage and flowers, and Autumn gossamer, frosted with silver dew, wherever the day had not yet touched the meadows. The corn stood nearly ready for the sickle; the second grass-crop was mowing all down the valley; and the whole world was scented with standing clover, and new-mown hay, and fresh-cut pine-logs by the forest side.

We had come into another bend of the valley, and a downward road; other masses of mountain opened out now in front, lazily putting off fold after fold of diaphanous cloud as the sun climbed higher into the sky. Then the village of Versam, prettier than all its fellows, with taller spire and richer orchards on a more com-

manding eminence ; and here again we turn sharply inwards into a deep and savage gorge. The road zigzags rapidly down the mountain side—alternate glimpses of Versam spire, right, left, right, left, rising higher and higher into the sky—and then the pines fall away, and we find ourselves crossing a light iron bridge, under which the torrent rushes 260 feet below us to join the Rhine, close by, but still invisible among its pine-clad precipices. This was the finest sight of its kind that we had ever seen, and we lingered on the bridge to drink it in.

The ascending zigzags were cut in the face of a steep cliff, and afforded us several other splendid views of the gorge behind us ; then we rounded a corner and ran downhill again, and the road itself became more monotonous, though we had still an endless variety of cloud and mountain in the background. We come to Reichenau, refuge of Louis-Philippe, where we cross the Hinterrhein and get a glimpse up its valley towards the Via Mala ; then Ems, with its tiny church perched on a steep rock in the middle of the village ; then on to Coire, where we rest for lunch. Schultz sallied forth after the meal to explore the town ; while I, who suffer from a *plusquam virgilian* inactivity at these times, took my siesta in the sun, on the

parapet overhanging that very stream which for so many years had been hallowed in my imagination by Thackeray's "Lazy Idle Boy." It was nearly an hour later that my friend came back and piloted me to see the tit-bits which he had discovered ; and we both agreed that Coire well deserves the immortality bestowed on it by the first of the Roundabout Papers.

It was evident, when we started again, that the wind had freshened very considerably ; it blew hard in our faces now, and made a good two miles an hour difference to our pace. From Coire to Ragatz is very beautiful ; but we were somewhat sated with the greater glories of the morning, and, having lost time to make up, we plodded along too steadily to do full justice to the scenery. At Ragatz we had hoped to turn aside and see the Tamina Gorge, but by this time it was plain that we must not only ride straight on, but, even thus, give up the hope of getting to Buchs for dinner ; since the sun was visibly declining and we had still fourteen miles to go. We had turned westward now, and the slanting rays struck into our faces, filling the whole air with floating gold-dust, through which the mountains rose in huge vague masses under the dazzling light. The wind had fallen as if by enchantment ; tall poplars

stood motionless against the golden sky ; sunburnt peasants trudged homewards in quiet content from their day's work ; the first peace of evening was come upon the valley. So we gave ourselves up to pure enjoyment of the scene, and rode at our leisure to Sargans. Here we took the train for Rorschach, enjoying a frugal meal of bread and cheese on the way, and watching a buzzard wheeling in great circles up into the sky, while the quiet shadows crept over the distant masses of the Vorarlberg, and, on our left, the snows of the Sentis kindled into a sudden glow of crimson that smouldered on, through dull reds and purples, far into the dusk.

We had taken our tickets for Rorschach town, the main station, and had naturally had our bicycles labelled to "Rorschach" simply. What was our surprise, then, on enquiry at the luggage office, to learn that the plain label of "Rorschach" did not mean the main station, but the harbour, where we should find our machines if we were lucky enough to get in before the train had started. We rushed back and jumped in just as the train moved on ; the guard came in due time to snip our tickets, and, after he and I had exchanged one or two sentences at cross-purposes, I suddenly realised that we must have jumped into the Zurich train. The guard, naturally mis-

interpreting my blank dismay, began to bawl louder and louder, by way of making this benighted foreigner understand that he wanted his ticket; and a well-meaning native came across to explain that he could “spik Engleesh—what want you, sir?” and my cup was full! I explained to the guard, possibly with unnecessary heat, that most civilised persons who booked to plain Rorschach would assume their tickets to be for the main station, and not for the harbour; that my friend and I were *cives Romani*; that wild horses should not compel us to buy tickets for this involuntary and preposterous journey—when luckily the train stopped at Goldach, and he allowed us to alight, though not without calling together his colleagues and “thanking God that he was rid of a knave.”

It transpired that there was no train back to Rorschach for a couple of hours, but Schultz, whose spirits always rise to an emergency, only burst into a hearty laugh at the sight of my dismal face; for, in cold blood, I could not but see that it would have been wiser to make full enquiries when I took the tickets. His laughter was contagious; after all, we had only three miles to walk, and our baggage was small; and here were the lights of a friendly Wirthshaus, where we could wash down our bread and cheese. So to the

Lamm we went forthwith, and sat down to our mug of beer; and again he laughed out loud at the recollection of my helpless fury in the train. "Upon my word, I thought you were going to slay old Gig-lamps with his 'spikengleesh!'—and then again, when you got up and began administering your best German in solid slabs to the guard!" The recollection inspired him with fresh appetite, and he demanded a plate of sausage, "like those men are eating in the corner"—*o dura messorum ilia!* Twenty minutes later, we were tramping under the cool canopy of night to Rorschach, where we put up at the "Green Tree," and slept the sleep of the just. It was not until next morning that we found how Schultz's handsome lamp had been stolen from his bicycle while we were wrestling with principalities and powers in the Zürich train.

CHAPTER XVIII

“Tidings came daily, how our Holy Father Pope John XXIII. was on his way hither to Constance. Now as he came over the Arlberg, in the midst, by the convent, his chariot was overset and lay in the snow. And as he lay thus, up ran his servants and courtiers, and said to him:—‘Holy Father, hath your Holiness taken any hurt?’ To which he made answer in Latin:—‘*Hic jaceo in nomine diaboli,*’ which is, being interpreted, *here lie I, in the Devil’s name.*”

Ulrich v. Richental’s Chronicle, MCCCCXIV.

August 12.

UP at 5.45; got our luggage off for Bâle, and caught the 6.30 boat for Friedrichshafen, breakfasting on board. There is no better way of beginning a day than to breakfast on the deck of a lake steamer in the early sunshine. The Sentis and other snow mountains were only just visible through the silver haze; but the waves danced brightly in the sunshine; the wind was still easterly, and we knew we had another fine day before us. Here—rarest of all continental experiences!—the steward boggled at our English sovereign. Even after he had accepted it, not without consultation with the captain and the mate, he came back ten minutes later,

and said: "Do you know, this coin of yours has a very great defect?" "What defect?" I asked, fearing that he meant to squabble over it again. "Why, this; that there's not a word on the whole coin to tell you what it's worth. And yet you are a practical people!" We were forced to admit the justice of the criticism; it could do no harm, and would at least have spared one poor steward many searchings of heart.

From Friedrichshafen we followed an undulating road that ran mostly parallel to the lake, from half a mile to a mile distant, and one or two hundred feet above it. The country was like one great orchard; apple-trees with corn and roots growing beneath them, and vines on every slope. A vine-dresser with whom we stopped to chat, was delighted to hear of the fearful tempest of hail and thunder which had just ravaged the wine districts of the middle Rhine. "Our grapes have never done better than this year," he said; "and now they will be worth twice as much!" It reminded me of the French farmer's comment on the horrors of the Crimean war: "*Que voulez-vous? il y a trop de monde, et nous autres, sans cela, nous n'aurions pas de quoi vivre!*" The villages were as pretty and well-to-do as the land, with

those tall white saddle-back towers that are so characteristic of this part of Switzerland. At about ten o'clock we came to Meersburg, once an imperial city, but now a mere village, yet with old gates and walls and a strong castle—another of those living museums of which one finds so many in out-of-the-way parts of Germany and Switzerland. The upper town stands on a steep height by the side of the lake, looking straight across to Constance. There was a nice-looking butcher's shop just inside the gate, and we went in to cater for lunch. We resisted the temptation of "Jüngstes Ochsenfleisch à 54 pf.," and bought half a pound of a very appetising ham. "How much?" "Fünf und achtzig Pfennige." "That's cheaper than last time," remarked Schultz: at which the butcher, hearing him speak English and anxious to come down to our level, added, "Ye-es! Five-and-eight pennies. . . . Alright! five-and-eight pence," he repeated, shovelling the coin into his till, and vastly pleased to have shown so intimate an acquaintance with the English currency.

We had a couple of hours before the boat for Constance was due; and, after we had wandered about a while, Schultz sat down by the lake side to write his letter home, while I prowled about again to

find subjects for camera and pencil. Then I went back to join him at lunch, which we ate on his bench under the trees, while the pale green waters careered in tiny waves of a few inches high, up a sandy beach at our feet. Then to an inn by the quay where we could sit outside in the shade and take our refreshment at leisure till the boat should come in. Presently we saw her a mile and a half down the lake. "How distinctly one hears her paddles!" I remarked, and Schultz assented absent-mindedly; and we watched the boat dreamily as it crept nearer and nearer through the palpitating heat. Suddenly a whistle, a snort, a very loud splash of paddles close by us—we had not noticed till this moment how the first sound of paddles, erst so strangely loud, had lately died away altogether. A horrid light dawned upon us; we rushed round the corner of the custom-house, and there was our boat just cast off from the pier and slewing round to paddle off for Constance! She had sneaked in behind our backs from the other end of the lake; hers were the paddles that had sounded in our ears as we watched the other boat, and now we had lost her! For the sake of our national honour we put on a mask of stern indifference before the grinning loafers on the quay, and went slowly back

to the verandah with despair in our heart, for we had arranged everything so beautifully for the day, in dependence on that boat. It seemed no good studying the timetable; each fresh combination seemed more intractable than the last, when suddenly we discovered again that two boats leave Meersburg at five minutes' interval for Constance, and that our honest visible friend was ready to take us over after all. With what relief of heart we sipped our last mouthful and strolled down to the quay to meet her as she came in, and took places in the bows, from whence we could watch the spires of Constance rising from the lake as we paddled across!

Constance is a beautiful old town, but rather too like an oven between two and three o'clock on a cloudless August day; it was difficult even to take enough interest in the old cloisters and refectory of the Insel Hotel, an old Dominican monastery. So, after a little perfunctory sight-seeing and necessary shopping, we rode out to see the stone where poor Huss was burned—cool enough now under the shadow of the trees in a public garden—and then on towards Stein am Rhein. The road parts for a while from the river and crosses a spur of hill, from which we had a fine view of the city behind us, and Gottlieben with its twin castle-towers by

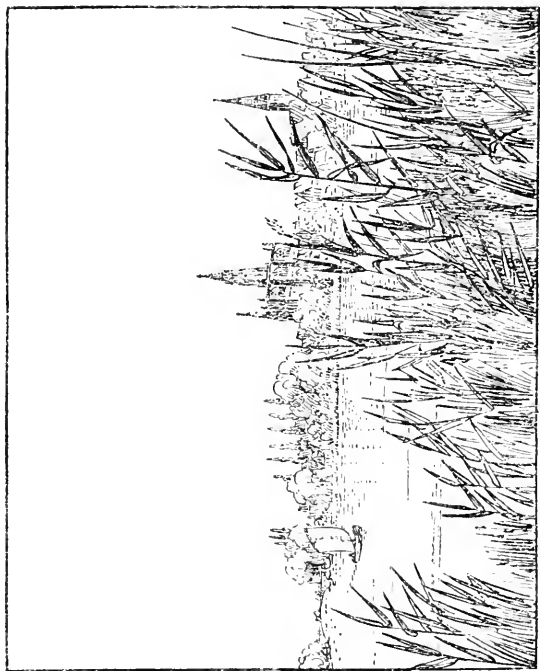
the riverside on our right. After a few miles we came upon the river, which had widened out again by this time into a small lake; and here the air was already fresher, and the trees taller and cooler in shade; rich crops, fine villages, and delightful glimpses over the water to the historic abbey buildings of Reichenau, with Hohentwiel and the great cones of the Hegau rising on the horizon behind, and, still far ahead, the castled hill that looks down from its 600 feet upon the little town of Stein.

It was just outside one of these pretty villages that we halted to make tea, in a tongue of orchard that jutted out into the lake, sitting on the grass with our feet almost in the water, and watching the tiny waves swirling round the big black boulders that show their heads in the shallows. Here on our right was the spire of Berlingen, with its attendant poplars, jutting out on just such a little promontory as our own, framed into a picture by the branches of our orchard, and reflected vaguely in the rippling water. We reached Stein at 5.20: time enough to admire the old towers, and the stately old houses round the market-place, with carved oriel windows and dim frescoes: but not quite enough to allow us to look round inside the secularized monastery of St

George, whose mediæval gables and bright colours, mirrored in the rushing river, are so conspicuous as you cross the bridge into the town.

Stein is a beautiful old town at any time, and it looked its best as we left it in the evening light, with its long reflections of red and white and green in the clear stream, and its grey castle of Hohenklingen perched high on the hill, and still higher ridges of pine forest rising in the background. I know nothing quite so charming in its own way, on all the navigable Rhine, as this stretch of fifteen or sixteen miles between Stein and Schaffhausen. The river runs so swiftly that the steamer takes twice as long over the up journey as over the down; the water, fresh from the quiet lake, is so clear that you can plainly see the bottom, fifteen or twenty feet below; only in one or two great holes, where the little steamboat reels and staggers with the eddy, there is nothing but a vague green depth as far as the eye can pierce. On this pellucid stream you are borne smoothly along, but with sudden capricious windings, between hills that come down at one moment to the very edge, in precipitous cliffs fringed with overhanging woods, or again fall back and slope away, through rising terraces of pasture land, higher and higher into

the pines and the clouds. Here and there are villages, white walls and purple roofs, with a tiny church spire on a rising knoll. One is built on a narrow level of meadow and orchard at the very edge of the water : three girls in white linen stand up to their shoulders in the cool stream, not a dozen yards from their own door, and cling to branches of osier for support : one dips her head for a moment, and diamonds run from her hair in the sunlight. Then again a water-mill, half hidden in poplars, where a little stream brings down its tributary waters into the Rhine ; and one tiny town, Diessenhofen, with its covered bridge on oaken piles that seem to stagger in the rush of the current. At last, a castle, its white walls gleaming in the last rays of sunlight, and perched on a hill round whose base we sweep ; and here, at the foot, lies Schaffhausen. We take up a hawser from the bank by way of precaution ; for there are the rapids close below us, with their tossing fleeces of foam, just as we saw them after our ride in the Black Forest six days ago. Now we drop gently down to the quay, and here at last, on the very point of leaving Switzerland, our cycles are pounced upon by a *douanier*. Schultz, armed with C.T.C. and T.C.F. tickets, is passed free ; I have to pay a deposit of 9f. 50, which will be



CONSTANCE FROM THE RIVER

returned to me when I cross the frontier again at Bâle.

Schaffhausen is a larger Stein, with bigger towers, quainter and more numerous oriels, a wilder rush of Rhine beneath its walls, and a great cathedral bell inscribed with the mediæval legend

vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango.

We rode slowly through the narrow streets, and then raced the river again to Neuhausen. The sun was set by this time, and we went straight down to the Falls. It was too late to cross over to the Castle of Lauffen, but we took the public path that leads by the northern corner of the cataract, and there sat and watched the waters to our heart's content. We were healthily tired with the day's ride—less from the distance than from the heat—and the sound of the waters fell on our ears with so drowsy a charm that it seemed quite an effort to us to climb up to our early bed at nine o'clock.

Yet we stood for a while on our balcony to watch the coloured electric lights which are flashed nightly upon the Falls, in the season, for the benefit of hotel visitors; not without a feeling of desecration at the sight, though in Schultz's case it was mingled with the softer thoughts of home. He wished he could have "the kiddies"

here for a few minutes, and hear their clapping of hands, and their cries of "Ripping!—I say, Father, isn't it *ripping*!" and the admission even from "Sammy," most critical of nine-year-olds, that, for a German show, this was "beastly decent!"

CHAPTER XIX

“ In Gottes höchstem Tempel steht's,
Und über schroffe Felsen geht's :
Es donnert wie der letzte Tag,
Schlag auf Schlag.”—HEBEL.

August 13.

ROSE at 4.30, jocund to drive our wheels afield in this fresh and dewy air, for we had sixty-one miles' ride before us. We breakfasted by the roadside, under a wood, and within sight and hearing of the Falls—not without some impatience on the part of Schultz, who finds it hard to realise that a bohemian meal can in fact be cooked with as little delay as at an hotel, and to whom motion is one of the prime necessities of life. He can never quite forgive Providence for having brought him prematurely into a world as yet unprovided with flying-machines. “Sling the tea round, old man; never mind about the water boiling! I say, aren't those eggs done yet? Confound your silly one-horse spirit-lamp; what on earth can be the matter with it this morning!” I attempted to distract his thoughts by quoting an apposite paragraph from one of the English papers we had found

waiting for us last night: how a distinguished Viennese professor had discovered some process for making artificial albumen, and promised presently to provide the world with a whole meal in one little pill; and what a boon this would be to Cyclists, Legislators, Arctic Explorers, Extension Lecturers, and Ladies' Schools, etc. etc. etc. He seemed to take quite kindly to the idea; it might be one step further towards the era of flying-machines; at the very least, if this tea and eggs and bread and butter could have been compressed into a globule, should we not be already speeding on towards Waldshut? . . . Here the kettle boiled audibly, and diverted his thoughts; and soon we had breakfasted to our hearts' content, and pushed on without further delay. The way led gently uphill through cool woods, glistening with heavy dewdrops; then through a deep trough of meadowland, crowned with wood on either hand; and finally, out upon a great plateau, bare of trees, but rich with luxuriant crops, sloping far away on the left towards the sinuous line of forest that marked the course of the Rhine, and rising on the right into a long ridge, clothed to the very summit with vines, and flecked with tiny white villages and white saddlebacked towers. One of those on our road, Neunkirchen, was forti-

fied, with a tall gate-tower at each end of the street : and inscriptions had been cut on either side of the main arch, to record the price of corn and wine in 1572 and 1574, perhaps the years in which the walls had been begun and finished.

After about five miles of this plateau, we came among woods again, and dropped down into Oberlauchringen, most picturesque of small villages, with its trout-stream fresh from the Forest, and clump of huge poplars by the wooden bridge, and rustic galleries to the houses, approached by stairs from the roadside. Then Thien-gen, boldly planted on a steep bank ; after which the road runs again between meadowland and woods ; and, suddenly, at this point, we see the Rhine again, coming to meet us, after all this interval, from between two leafy hills on the left—jade-green, tantalisingly cool under this burning sun, swift and deep and wrinkled into oily eddies. It comes and runs for a while close by our side ; then we climb, and leave it gradually far below under our precipitous bank, but still visible at intervals between the thick acacias that fringe the road ; then downward again, and here are the white towers and purple roofs of Waldshut, standing on a cliff over the river, with a deep ravine for further defence on one side, and a rapid slope

beyond. This is a town of some importance, but it is all built practically in one great street, like the main street of Berne; broad, deep-eaved, with many carved and painted fountains, and a runnel of pure water at the edge of the footways, and a tall gate-tower to close it at either end. We bought the materials for a luxurious lunch in the town, and ate it under the trees in the ravine, not without some twinges of envy at the youthful Waldshuters who strolled down past us, with towels, for their midday bathe in the river. By half-past one we were well fed and rested, and rode through the town, and then down a delicious slope to the level of the Rhine. From hence to Bâle, except for a short space here and there, we never lost sight of it again. The pine-clad mountains of the Black Forest come down here almost to the water's edge; on the other side, smaller hills rise rapidly to about 1500 feet above the river, which itself runs nearly 1000 feet above the sea, due westward, with gentle windings that follow the contours of the greater hills. We passed the mouth of the Albthal, one of the most beautiful of Black Forest gorges, and reached Laufenburg about four o'clock. Laufenburg is not so well known as it ought to be, for it is one of the most remarkable little towns on the

whole course of the Rhine. Here the river bed contracts suddenly between lofty walls of rock that narrow it to less than a quarter of its former breadth—so narrow, in fact, that in times of flood the waters have been known to heap themselves up to sixty feet above their lowest level; and even in its mildest moods the vast mass of river, rushing down already at racing speed from the Alps, and swollen near Waldshut by the not less boisterous Aar, thunders through these iron gates with a wild fury of disorder that is only less impressive than the cataract of Neuhausen. In the later spring, when the first great meltings of Alpine snows have begun, I have stood for hours to watch the huge rafts of timber sent down and broken up in the rapids; one of them jammed for a moment at the narrowest point, and suddenly huge trunks reared up thirty or forty feet from the water, and waved desperately in the air, and plunged again, and were whirled down as the whole obstacle was swept away.

The town is built on the cliffs that overhang these seething waters; roof above roof on the steep hillside; with a church spire high up on either bank, and a ruined castle looking down from its rock upon the Swiss town; for the river is here the boundary of two nations, and the old irregular wooden bridge is guarded at one

end by an officer of the Baden customs, and at the other by a Swiss. The German houses offer an almost Italian depth of light and shade, with their broad eaves, and tier upon tier of irregular balconies over the river, propped upon every variety of post and slanting bracket: almost Italian, too, are the steep stairs, vaulted over here and there, that zigzag up from the main street of the Swiss town to the top of the castle rock. A Switzer who saw us prying about his native streets insisted on attaching himself to us as cicerone: had we seen this? had we seen that? had we noticed the Garlic? We had indeed, for the last few minutes, been painfully conscious of that importunate odour; but I assured him with all politeness that, if we hurried away from him, it was not so much on that account as because we had very little time, and wanted to climb down among the rocks and get a nearer view of the water. "That's just it!" he exclaimed triumphantly: "then just look out for the Garlic! You will find it growing wild on both sides, exactly alike to look at; only on the German side it is the common rank wild stuff, and on ours it tastes like the garden herb—it is the garlic that we eat with our food!" We held our breath and waved him a courteous farewell; and he bawled after us as we hurried

away, "That is the difference between Switzerland and Germany!" We were able, at this distance, to thank him in words, and hurried down, by common consent, among the rocks on the German shore. Here, by the side of the wildest rapids, we dipped up water for our tea, and watched the labyrinth of rushing green waters, and the brilliant purple shadow of the bridge across them, and the pigeons that flew out and circled round our heads, and then back to their perch among the beams. But at last we had our fill even of tea : and with a sigh we packed up and turned our backs on Laufenburg, yet still consoled by the thought of Rheinfelden to come.

CHAPTER XX

“——For never, to my mind, was evening yet
But was far beautifuller than its day.”

R. BROWNING.

THE road was bordered still by typical Black Forest farms — huge roofs that shelter house, barn, stable and sheds under one broad span. Nowhere had the country-folk been so busy with their hay-harvest as we found them on this afternoon's ride, and nowhere more happy and prosperous-looking. We rode through Säckingen with its twin abbey spires, the scene of Scheffel's "Trompeter"; through Brennet, and within sight of the castled rock that guards the savage gorge of Wehra: Beuggen among the meadows by the water side, where stands an ancient Lodge of the Teutonic knights, with gates and towers and high-stepped gables that gleam white in the evening sunlight against their dark green background. And now the road mounts steadily for a while: then a sudden turn to the left through the fruit trees, and we find ourselves looking down upon the rapids, and the irregular covered bridge, and the quaint roofs and towers of Rhein-

felden, immortalised by Turner and Ruskin. We had often pored over those illustrations in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters"; and more than once I had been hurried past the place in the train, catching just one glimpse of the warm tiled roofs that nestle cosily together like little birds under the shelter of their guardian towers—catching one glimpse, unable to stop, yet feeling myself a barbarian for passing by. Now at last we were to see the town itself; and we found it worthy of all we had dreamed, though still, of course, the best view of all is that first sight from the Rhine bank which Turner found out a century ago. We hastened to the eastern gate, the "Peace" of that last chapter in "Modern Painters," and there stood the tower, just as Ruskin drew it, with its stork's nest and projecting wooden balcony, and S-shaped iron braces to keep the old walls together. When we had seen our fill of the town, we began to think of dinner; I had heard of a famous brewery here, and to this we asked our way. We found it in the main street, and passed through to the back of the house, where the tables were spread in a little garden by the Rhine side, and one on a balcony that jutted right out over the stream, for our own special benefit. There we laid down our healthily-tired limbs with

a sigh of relief; Phyllis arrived unbidden with two tankards fresh from the cow, and desired to know what it would be our pleasure to eat. "Cold meat to begin with? 'Then bring us a good plate of tongue, and an Omelette mit Kirsch to follow.—Have you ever tried a kirsch omelette, Schultz?"

"No," replied my friend, adding doubtfully, "is it good?"

"Just you wait and see, old man." I spoke confidently, yet not without a misgiving in my inmost heart that my depraved cosmopolitan taste might again be at fault here. He has never forgiven me for tempting him on at Reims to a dish of escargots—"black undisguised reptiles!" as he exclaimed, after smuggling the first from his mouth into his handkerchief, and swallowing several mouthfuls of the local wine to get the taste out of his palate!

The sun was on the very horizon now, yet quite hot on our faces still: the river rushed under our balcony in green and gold, flecked with white foam over the sunken rocks: the quaint irregular bridge straddled dark across the sunset. Schultz sipped his beer thoughtfully between the mouthfuls of tongue. "He is thinking of wife and children," I said to myself, and respected his silence. Yes, there are our home friends—there under the setting sun,

which will linger nearly an hour longer for them than for us. But we shall soon be with them again!

The omelette arrived, scenting the evening air, and its approach seemed to wake Schultz from his reverie. I watched his face anxiously, but the first mouthful reassured me. At last he broke silence: "I should put the man into the lowest pit of Tartarus!"

"What man?" I asked in surprise.

"That professor—the fellow you were jawing about at breakfast. I should make him bicycle all day in the sun, and then put him up to his waist in beer and kirsch omelettes, and they should turn to tabloids when they touched his lips! Wasn't it Tantalus' crime that he had betrayed the secrets of Zeus to mortals? . . . After all," he added with a sigh, "we are human! . . . How long do you think she would take to make us another of these?"

Phyllis assured us of her best speed, and brought fresh beer unbidden. The sun had dipped under the bridge, and was half sunk behind the hills, quickening the pine ridges into millions of needles of purple light. No doubt it is not logical, but somehow the soul seldom feels so independent of the body as when we are just satisfying our most clamorous bodily needs;

and at this moment it seemed to me as though there could be no fairer heaven on earth than to sit at Rheinfelden and watch the sun go down, and let these living waters ripple peace and pardon through my soul. The towers and gables rose in gold, to my ecstatic vision, against a golden afterglow, and a voice whispered down the river, "This is the unregretful city, the home of purified memories, over whose portal is written, 'And if you will, remember : and if you will, forget.' Here you may live in heaven as in your own hired house, with all your good friends around you,—home first of all, with the beech woods, and the water, and the spring flowers in the grass under the trees—school and college chums—colleagues, good men and true, once as penniless as yourself, and now rich beyond their heart's desire, with but one boy to teach among them all, and governors to run their errands and black their boots. Here are all your books, and no sacrilegious hand to dust them. You may read for days and weeks at selfish leisure, with your feet on the fender, and your dog breathing hard on the rug, and a perennial coffee-pot by your side ! Or, if honours have power to tempt you, and you would care to accept the Prime Ministership of Rheinfelden ?" . . .

The town, the red band of sunset, the

black bridge, looked infinitely small and distant through the hollow bottom of my glass; and, from my lofty pinnacle of contemplation, all human greatness looked as small as they. "Thine honours perish with thee!" I murmured in my heart:—"Give me just a cottage and an orchard out there by the Rhine side—*modus agri non ita magnus*—just three acres and a cow—and when I come to milk her, may she yield me such milk as this! . . . Noch Eins, Fräulein, noch Eins!" . . .

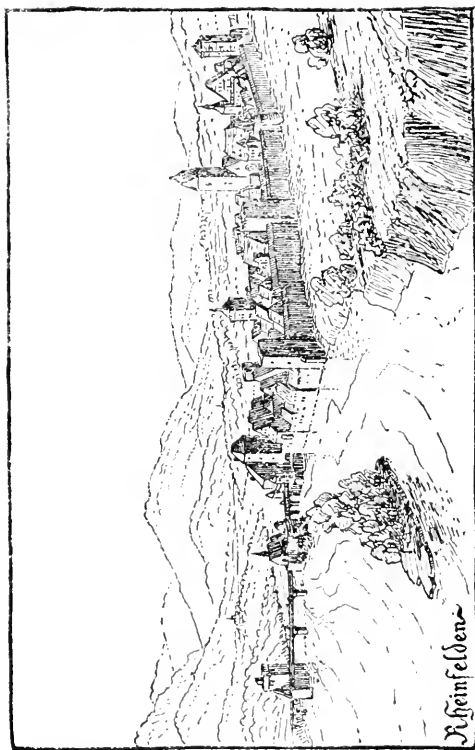
"That'll be your third!" remarked Schultz sternly but regretfully; and, looking at his watch, he added, "I'm afraid we shall have to be starting soon." Yet we sat half an hour longer, looking up and down the river, and watching the sunset fade, and talking of home.

The clock struck a quarter to nine as we crossed the bridge again: and we had still ten miles to go. We rode on leisurely through the growing dusk, with the scent of new-mown hay and clover in our nostrils, and the chirrup of innumerable crickets in our ears, and our eyes turned steadfastly towards the evening star. The last hay-carts were coming home; we had met the first as we rode away from Laufenburg. The Rhine started with us, gleaming in the dusk, and murmuring gently under its steep and shadowy banks; then gradually

it faded into a thin streak, far away on the left, while our road kept on through the upland villages. No more perfect day could have had a more perfect close than this, where everything breathed of peace and happiness:—girls and old folk sitting at their doors to drink in the cool and quiet of Saturday night; whispers and shy laughter at the fountains and under the shadow of the eaves; a group of Italian workmen tramping in step down the road, and singing the songs of Zion even in this strange land; just light enough to distinguish their red sashes and blue shirts, and a white gleam of eyes and teeth from under their shaggy hair. Here again a wayside shrine under its little roof; one peasant woman pleading at the foot of the cross, while half a dozen more knelt behind her along the road, with flickering gleams of light on their upturned faces, and on their lips a chant of passionate unreasoning devotion, that stirred our heart strangely in the silence of the night. The leader,—hollow-cheeked, black-eyed, hard-featured,—was pouring forth from the bottom of her soul the verses of some litany to the Virgin, and the rest in chorus after her—*Heilige Maria-Mutter Gottes betefür uns und für unsere Sünden*—with a rapid utterance that ran the whole sentence into a single word: some almost

as passionately as herself, others more mechanically, and with side-glances at the strangers in the roadway: but all in the same sonorous cadence as of a Gregorian chant. Far and far away we heard their voices, rising and falling on the quiet air, and the sound recalled our evening drives to church in old days, when the Methodists still held their open-air service on the hill-side by Westacre Ford, and the echo of their hearty hymns, mellowed by distance, would follow us even to the church porch.

The evening star sinks in a purple mist, and the last faint sounds of human voices die away behind us; only the melancholy hoot of an owl echoes at intervals from the distant Forest. Suddenly the Rhine comes again to our side, guiding us towards a lurid glow that lowers on the south-western horizon, and presently we catch the first outlying gaslights reflected on his waters. This is Bâle: and here we find our way to my old quarters at the Krone, and once again we lie down to sleep with the Rhine flowing under our window.



RHEINFELDEN ABOUT 1630

CHAPTER XXI

“Basle : belle ville de la grandeur de Blois ou environ.”—MONTAIGNE.

August 14.

To most people, Bâle means simply hot coffee at six in the morning, and the next train to Somewhere Else: they see the station and are carried on, and never dream of the real beauties of the town. And yet it would be hard to find anything finer in their way than the Cathedral cloisters, planted with trees and looking on the Rhine; the museum contains an unrivalled collection of Holbeins; grand relics of the old fortifications are still to be seen; and a network of picturesque streets climb up and down a steep ridge in the centre of the town, on whose brow stand the church and cloister of St Leonard, looking out over roofs and churches below. We tried in vain to hear of an early service in English, and fell back upon St Leonard's instead. By ten o'clock the streets were crowded with people; for this was a great holiday in Bâle—a day of athletic sports and an evening of dancing, which we had

seen advertised all over Switzerland. It was a pity we could not stop to see something of all this : but we were to sleep that night at Freiburg in Breisgau, and Bâle was already like an oven for heat, surpassing anything that we had hitherto felt. This was the first of our absolutely tropical days ; and all my memories of that day seem to swim in a heat-mist. I remember lunching by the roadside, half a dozen miles out of Bâle, and watching the villagers trudge in even from this distance to the great festivities. Also, how a ragged wayfarer came and stopped at the next tree to ours, and walked round once or twice like a dog on a hearthrug, and then lay down to sleep the sleep of the tramp, so indistinguishable outwardly from that of the just. My next memory is Istein : the road had divided, we had refused to go over the hill, and had chosen the way by the river instead ; and here we found Istein on a steep slope, with quaint old houses (one especially fine oriel supported on an oaken pillar) and above the village a great cliff, on whose perpendicular face a tiny hermitage and chapel were scooped out, like a martin's nest under the eaves. Then we rounded this promontory of rock, and here we found steep slopes of vine basking in the sunshine on our right, and down on our left

the backwaters of the river, and the great plain planted as thick as a cornfield with rank upon rank of Lombardy poplars ;— those same backwaters and poplars that greet the waking eyes of the night-traveller from Heidelberg to Bâle, and tell him that Switzerland is near.

It was somewhere here that, climbing among the vines to take a photograph, I rashly left my machine for ten minutes in the sun, and found the handles so hot that I could scarcely bear my hands on the metal. I hurried onwards to catch up my friend, and suddenly found him just outside a little village, mending a puncture, with half a dozen children round him. To my intense relief, he declined all offers of assistance ; and I lay down on a bank to watch the water at our feet, transparent no longer, for the drought had cut it off from the main current, but still green and cool-looking, and not wholly forgetful of its descent from mountain torrents ; with golden masses of Aaron's rods growing among the reeds at its margin, and great granite boulders half sunk in the shallow pools, and then the vast sea of poplars, and the summits of the Vosges dimly visible through the throbbing heat-mist beyond. The repair proved a tedious job ; and the village children began to transfer their attentions to me. They

took stock of my baggage, my lamp, my tyres—and here a gimlet-eyed little girl spied the number on my Dunlop, and jumped to her own conclusions. “Du! komm ’mal her! Herrje! sieh ’mal wasch dasch koschtet! Dreiszig— . . . ach, nein . . . drei hundert . . . vier und achtzig tausend, sechs hundert zwei und fünfzig! . . . An—na!”

“’St unmöglich!”¹ objects a small sceptic by her side; nor will he be convinced even by her appeal to the written word.

“Well, just ask him, then.” But the village Didymus firmly declines to take my word for such a fact, even supposing me to be civilised enough to understand and answer a question in plain German. He would not even consent to the suggestion that the units represented only Pfennige. It was notorious that bicycles could be bought in Bâle for 1000 marks, more or less. A chorus of shrill girls’ voices arose to rebuke his unbelief; but here—fortunate diversion!—Schultz began to adjust his pump.

“Sieh—sieh! da will er aufblasen! . . . Lieschen—Grethe—Anna! Ann . . . nna! Der Herr will aufblasen!” And up runs Grethe, with a poultice under her chin, and Lieschen tottering under an

¹ Impossible.

enormous baby, and poor Anna limping last of all, with her club foot and wizened old-woman's face, just as Schultz has finished. Her look of disappointment was so pathetic that he screwed on again, and professed to blow up for a few minutes more, with a pretence of enormous effort, and violent contortions of feature, which first alarmed and then delighted the children, as the joke filtered slowly into the Teutonic brain.

There sat two Bauers in the bow-window of an inn close by, looking over the river: I went to ask them our way. Others sat behind in the shade of the room, each with his great glass mug in front of him, stolid, monosyllabic, the picture of ruminating content. One of these latter, as I was pressing for something more precise in the way of directions, called out from the darkness of a further corner, "What does he want? What's he doing here?" Those at the window made him no answer, and to me also only the curtest of replies, dropped syllable by syllable with contemptuous indifference. "All the fellows want is, to go riding about all day—what on earth does it matter which road they take? What are they doing about here at all, at a time when all honest men, who have done their week's work under the sun, ought to be sitting indoors with their beer!" We

had noticed this feeling all along among the populations through whom we passed ; it was evidently as suspicious to them that a man should ride all day in the heat, as it was that he should venture about after dark among the filthy streets of a mediæval city, in those palmy days when all university men were clerics, and when it proved cheaper at Oxford to shoot an arrow at a Proctor with intent to injure, than to keep late hours at night. At this moment, I could not help feeling that there was something in the Bauer's point of view, and that it might be the part of a good citizen and a wise tourist to go and sit in that cool parlour, and watch the shadows creeping from poplar to poplar, and the sun sinking at last behind the Vosges, over towards the land of our birth. Some such sentiment I even uttered out loud ; but my companion received it in cold silence ; inexorably he mounted his self-appointed treadmill ; and I mounted mine and followed him.

CHAPTER XXII

Die entsetzlichen Rheinschnaken.—GOETHE.

RIGHT, left, right left, right, left!—good heavens, what a sun! . . . “Water, for anguish of the solstice!” . . . and here, to be sure, is a village fountain, fresh from nature’s granite vaults in the Black Forest; and here again we drink with mouth and eyes and arms, and carry off a kettle-full for our tea under the cherry-orchard by the roadside. After all, if one is to be out of doors on a day like this, there is no cooler place than the saddle. Here, even in the shade, we sadly miss already the ten-mile breeze which we had made for ourselves as we rode: and then the flies—great Beelzebub, the flies! For we are on the great Rhine plain again, where these same harpies, a century ago, ruffled even Goethe’s Olympian composure, stinging his young calves through the thin silk stockings as he made love to his Friderike, and goading him even to injurious doubts of the Creator’s beneficence, and to theological controversy with his prospective father-in-law. The worst of all was a

kind of horsefly, whose wounds ooze blood after he has left you—the ten-horse-power fly, as we called him, and half suspected him of certain otherwise inexplicable punctures in our tyres. One of these I now enticed to settle on my left hand, holding in my right a pill box which my nephew had given me at parting, for such rare insects as I might be able to catch him. He was a magnificent beast, now that I came to look closer at him; dark green on the back, like an antique bronze; his breastplate and leg-armour of blue steel, all damascened with arabesques in burnished gold. He fixed me with a million glittering eyes; and I thought what a brute beast I was to plot the destruction of so superb a specimen of God's handiwork, for the mere amusement of a scientific nephew, and to the further corruption of the air in his bedroom. But when the monster, after preliminary gestures as though he were tucking up his shirt-sleeves, began to let down his proboscis for the work; and when I saw it made like a shipwright's auger, with a screw at the end to penetrate, and a hollow edge all the way down, to scoop out the flesh—then my nerve failed me utterly, and I struck too soon. Next moment he was sitting Celaeno-like on the edge of a leaf just out of my reach, droning out an angry chant as of distant

bagpipes, and only interrupting himself at intervals to put his claws to his nose. Even at this distance I could see his million eyes glittering with devilish malevolence; my flesh crept with horror, nor could I relish my tea until I had driven him forth from my presence with clods of earth.

Right, left, right, left, again! Flatter land now, all cornfields and orchards; the Vosges and Black Forest stretching ahead on either hand into the grey distance; the same wilderness of poplars fringing river and backwaters as far as the eye can see. The sun sinks fast, but the air is scarcely cooler yet; at every fountain we have stopped again for a moment to dip our face and hands; but now the road runs straight on without heeding the villages; and we see neither water nor immediate hopes of supper without going out of our way. The shadows of the poplars stretch to our very feet; the whole valley swims again in a golden haze; here and there, on some white tower, the last light lingers still; but now the sun has touched the hills, and now the last thin edge of gold has disappeared.

“A whisper from the west
Shoots—‘add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth! here dies another day.’”

Yes, take it and try its worth! Will it be put to our account in the end that

we rode all these hours in the heat, when we might have sat at an inn-window and watched the Rhine run by? will it be set to our credit as a piece of work honestly done, like the stubbing of Thurnaby Waste? Will it be counted to mine that I quell for an hour the growing pangs of hunger, and never suggest turning aside to one of these inviting villages for supper, until at last we come to Krotzingen, a miserable hamlet, but right on our road? Here are several inns, but each less promising than the last, until at length one sign holds out hopes of a garden restaurant, watered perhaps by a brook from the forest, as no doubt some water must run through even this frowzy village. We enter, and enquire for the Gartenwirthschaft as per advertisement; it turns out to be a stuffy courtyard between barn and stable, with just one glimpse of green through an open gateway towards the plain; and I doubt not that my friend would have mounted at once and ridden on, but for his sympathy with the clamours of my inner man. We ordered a supper of the best they could raise us, and went out to look round the village.

Travellers who content themselves with the ordinary sights of the Rhine country have very little idea of the wealth of quaint mediæval relics that are to be met with

among these out-of-the-way villages. Even here we found, against the south wall of the church, an elaborate calvary of the fifteenth century, under its own little vaulted roof—the garden of Gethsemane, the olive-trees, the disciples sleeping, and Christ wrestling in prayer with God; while Judas and his band peep over the embattled wall to see whether their time is come, and one who mocks at the praying Christ is being pulled down from the wall by a more reverent comrade. All this we took in hastily, for the venom of the flies was beginning to work again in poor Schultz's veins, and my ravenous hunger made me as impatient as he was; and yet it is just these glimpses, when the body is so ill at ease, that leave the deepest (if not the distinctest) impressions on the traveller's mind—the first sight of a foreign port after sea sickness—the dim landscapes that greet one's eyes when the carriage window "slowly glows a glimmering square," and when, after an unquiet night in the train, one would be ready to sell one's birthright for a cup of hot coffee!

Unfortunately, our Gartenwirtschaft did not belie its first promise. Our neighbours at the next table were drunk, most Teutonically drunk, burning to know who we were and what we were doing here, and breathing forth beer and onions against us

for our slowness to gratify their curiosity. The soup in which we had trusted was not forthcoming ; cheese and eggs one can generally reckon upon in a Rhenish village, yet here the omelette suggested the consulship of Plancus, and the cheese was as rich in saponaceous constituents as any American cheddar. The veal cutlets, however repellent to the sight, turned out, to our surprise, just eatable ; but one's appetite for meat is easily quenched amid unsavoury surroundings ; and I was fain, after all, to stay my hunger mainly with the solid rounds of black bread which had come up with the cheese. Again I thought of that Celaeno-fly—

“ Sed vos dira fames nostraeque injuria caedis
Ambesas subiget malis absumere mensas ”

—and, contrary to my wont, I was glad to leave the table and mount for our evening ride.

There was still a crimson afterglow over the Vosges as we started, and glimpses between the trees of the same warm tints upon the Rhine ; but this soon faded away ; and, though we made what haste we could in the dark, it was late before we reached Freiburg. My old comfortable friend the Rheinischer Hof was quite full, and the hostess sent Boots with us in search of other likely hotels ; but even so she feared we might have some difficulty, since to-

morrow was the Assumption of the B.V.M. This, I remarked, accounted for the quantity of beer taken on board by our neighbours at Krotzingen. Yes, she answered serenely, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was a great popular holiday ; we might find it hard to get beds in Freiburg. However, we found a room at last at the Markgräfler Hof—good beds too, and not too dear, with a branch of the Dreisam rippling over its granite pebbles past the windows of our passage.

CHAPTER XXIII

Die Deutche trinken zuviel bier.

'This wrote an english Ass.

Whoever wrote this is a silly idiot, and doesn't know
English.

Mural Inscriptions at Freiburg im Breisgau.

August 15.

WE wished to start early this morning and get most of our riding done before the worst heat of the day ; but we found time to look into the Cathedral first, and found it crowded for the early mass ; broad beams of sunshine slanting in like a Jacob's ladder through the eastern windows of the choir, and falling in a glory on the heads of the worshippers. The whole square was thronged with peasants in their holiday costumes ; and we met fresh groups pouring in by every street as we rode out of the town towards Strassburg. Many times we looked back at the cathedral spire and the grey hills behind, softer and fainter each time in the morning mist ; but presently our road ran into a forest, and we saw Freiburg no more. After a few miles, the land of wood and streams

changed again into a land of cornfields and orchards; and the dull haze crept up into the sky, which grew grey and pale with mist and heat. The first two villages were full of worshippers waiting for church; all the unmarried women dressed in bright blue, with wreaths of white flowers in their hair, in honour of the Virgin. It was a strange and pathetic thing to see a young mistress, in black silk gown and cap, followed by some wrinkled old handmaiden decked out like a child in a staring blue frock, of a generation ago, visibly faded in spite of all the care with which it had been locked up for 364 days of every year, while the artificial jasmine in her grizzled hair had taken the tint of old ivory. The men were all in Sunday black; mahogany-complexioned, with keen features that looked more French than German; one of them with three medals on his coat, hawk-eyed and hawk-nosed, a splendid picture of a man.

Schultz's tyre went seriously wrong again in the hottest part of the road; and it was nearly midday before we reached Alt Breisach, a mass of cathedral towers and crumbling walls and steep red roofs crowded together on a rock by the side of the Rhine. Here the tyre went wrong again; and I had ample leisure to take stock of the town and

the river, and the soldiers coming in from their morning duty; one party carried a man on a stretcher, who had just been struck down by heat-apoplexy. Neu Breisach, on the left bank, is a cruel mass of earthworks and brick walls, with half a dozen houses huddled together inside, round a tiny square that glows like a furnace; every door and shutter closed to keep out the heat; and indeed we find the same in all the villages now. The heat is probably responsible for a third bad breakdown of the tyre, of which I take advantage to creep under a tree and prepare lunch for the two of us; then on again to Colmar, whence we must now take the train for Strassburg. We had hoped to ride to Rappoltsweiler and see the three castles; but these breakdowns have run away with all our spare time.

There are beautiful old houses at Colmar, and at least one very fine church; and there is the hottest railway-platform on which it was ever my fate to broil. Not that we could not find seats in the shade; but the heat seemed to float in upon the air, and ooze up from the asphalt, and beat down from the roof. We called for coffee, and watched a fat man opposite finishing his lunch; he had got some Gruyère, and called for butter. "Butter

ist keine da," answered the languid handmaiden with a shrug of her shoulders; "sie thät' uns halt verlaufen."¹ And indeed it was so; the cheese ran grease upon the plate, and our Falstaff's own too solid flesh was melting visibly; we ourselves, in spite of our last fortnight's training, were poured out like water in that exceeding heat. It was almost as hot, and a great deal stuffier, in the train; and we were too languid even to notice the three castles of Rappoltsweiler as we passed. Only one thing I remember; half a dozen small children up to their necks in a running brook, one of them with long yellow hair like a mermaid—the only creatures we had seen looking cool and comfortable since about nine o'clock this morning.

We repaired at Strassburg to the well-remembered inn on the Place Kléber, and took the same upper room that looks out over treetops and houses upon the Cathedral spire. Then tea under the awning outside on the Place, and a chat meanwhile with the hostess—but a new hostess this time. By this time we had recovered energy enough for the Cathedral, where we found the evening shadows already creeping half way up the forest of statues on the western portals; and, to our disappointment, all services were over for the

¹ We haven't got any—it would simply melt away.

day, and the whole building shut up. But we were able to go up the tower and out upon the platform, and gaze our fill upon the steep grey roofs below us, with their myriads of dormer windows, and storks' nests on the broad chimneys. The smoke of the town rose in a transparent mist between us and the setting sun; the Vosges and Black Forest stretched to the farthest horizon through fading shades of blue and grey; here and there a stretch of river gleamed among the lines of trees.

We had fetched our letters from the post on the way up; and here we sat down and enjoyed them, looking up every now and then from our reading to watch the great sun that was hastening away towards where the writers were.

"What a wonderful thing this post is!" exclaimed Schultz, for the dozenth time on our tour. "Here I have at my service all these trains and steamboats, with their army of stokers and guards, clerks, sorters, and postmen—I put on a paltry twopence-halfpenny—or a penny for a postcard—in it goes at this end—"

"And out it comes at the other with a fine for the recipient. That's what my sister writes me about the postcard I sent my nephew, '5d. to pay, and so^o of course I refused to take it in.'"

"No, honour bright, I do think it's a

wonderful thing, and we aren't half grateful enough for it. Here I am six or seven hundred miles away from home, and yet almost daily I have the pleasure of learning every little thing that goes on there—a budget worth all the printed stuff in the world—and all for twopence-halfpenny! . . . Hm, hm! . . . *and so I gave her warning; she has always been more trouble than she was worth. . . . Monday very hot, and now cold again; all got colds . . . a great deal of measles about now; hope ours won't catch them . . . such a fright yesterday! . . . temperature 103. . . . Doctor says a chill on the liver. . . . Hul-lo!*”

“Well, what?” I enquired, after a pause.

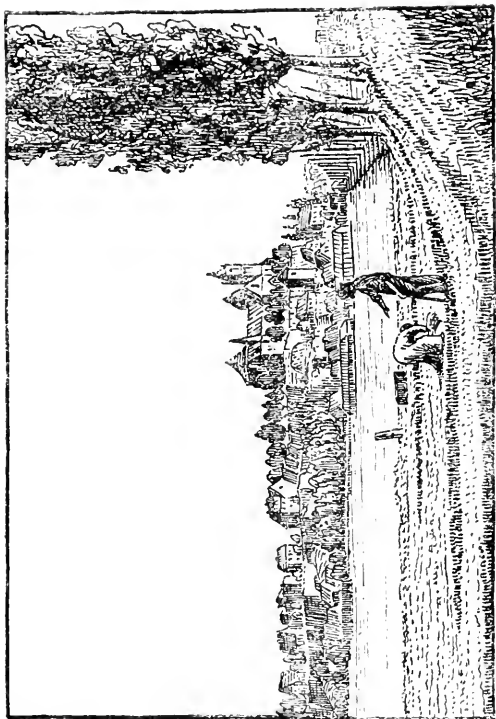
“Oh, never mind,” he answered drily, folding the letter up.

“Sorry; I didn't mean to pry into private affairs.”

“Don't be an ass! . . . But I can't make out how it can be. . . . Didn't I put stamps on that letter at Maulbronn?”

“I supplied you with them.”

“And I don't think it can have been overweight, for I put double on it; and yet here my wife writes, ‘We had to pay eightpence for your last letter, and three of the children's postcards have been five-pence each.’”



ALT BREISACH

I had been thinking it over after my sister's letter; we had evidently put our letters in at a Württemberg post-office with stamps brought from Rhenish Prussia and Baden, relying on the fact that all belonged alike to the German Empire—a mistake which I ought to have remembered and guarded against. Upon me, as the responsible person, Schultz now opened the floodgates of his wrath; in vain I reminded him that, after all, a shilling or two more or less would still be an absurdly small sum for the multitude of officials whom he had just been reckoning up—let alone the value of the budget received. He pocketed his letters moodily; and this time, for once, it was he who first remembered that it must be time to go and look for dinner. We took the tram to a garden restaurant by the river side at Kehl, where huge poplars stood dark between us and the afterglow, and the water was shot with pinks and purples that lingered on until the last colours had faded from the sky.

Even our convivial neighbours were charmed for a few minutes into silence by the faint tinkling of a far off bell—that “*squilla di lontano*,” whose sound Dante has connected for ever with the traveller's thoughts of home. But the twilight is briefer here than in England,

and the sky was already quite black in the spaces between the stars, when the Cathedral clock warned us that it was time to go back to bed, if we meant to be up before sunrise next day.

CHAPTER XXIV

“ Among Topics or outward Medicines, none are more precious than Baths.”—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

August 16.

POOR Schultz slept but feverishly this night, suffering worse agonies than ever from the flies. The barometer at Bâle had given us such certainty of fine weather, that we had sent on our luggage straight to Worms; and, though he now realised that his stockings were far less protection to his ankles than a pair of loose trousers would have been, there was for the present no help for it short of buying a pair of German pantaloons—a remedy from which his soul shrank. Meanwhile, his poor ankles were throbbing masses of swellings and irritation, and the back of one hand showed such serious signs of festering that he accepted quite humbly a small bottle of Izal which I produced from my tool-bag, and forgot this once to chaff me about the “White Knight.”

The half-clad misshapen scullion, all head and no body, woke us punctually at 4 A.M., and took our tip with a look

of grateful surprise—it is one of the pleasures of these unpretending hostelries, that the modest tip which one's slender purse is glad enough to spare for real services rendered, gives a genuine visible pleasure to the recipient. The morning was deliciously cool—in fact, before we had finished our breakfast under the trees by the canal, we were glad to stamp about a little for warmth's sake, for the sun had even then only just begun to peep out of the Rhine mists. We had tried to get something warm on the way, seeing one or two early taverns open in the suburbs; but all alike were deboshed and half-asleep still, with the stale beer and schnaps of last night's orgie slopping about, and barmaids that only raised their heavy eyelids a little in dumb surprise, when we talked of hot coffee. The native goes to his work on the strength of a glass of schnaps.

A mile or so before the first village, we had to get off and walk among fresh-laid stones, and here a man in black caught us up and entered into conversation. He was going to this village, his old home, to arrange for the funeral of the last of four sons, all carried off by lung-disease. And this, the youngest, had always been so stout and healthy looking—but he was too stout; he had too much blood. A sudden bleeding at the lungs had attacked him,

apparently in the midst of health, and in twenty-four hours he was dead. Perhaps the baker's life had not been favourable to them; yet he, the father, was a baker, hale and hearty still. But his poor wife had died young. It is sad, all the same, to have had four great strong sons, and now to bury the last of them . . . it is sad, all the same. He parted from us at the entrance to the village, shaking our hands heartily as if to thank us for the sympathetic silence with which we had listened to him—we could do no more.

The road led through frequent woods to Marienthal and Hagenau. The flies were worse than ever here under the trees—not that they attacked me much, but poor Schultz's agony was almost greater than he could bear. This day we met more travelling apprentices than on any other; barefooted, with their boots slung over one shoulder, and the scanty bandana bundle over the other, they trudged on stolidly through the dust and heat, seeking work from town to town. We bought a pamphlet and some pewter tokens from the pilgrims' booths at Marienthal; but the spick-and-span church did not tempt us to go in and look at the miraculous image of the Virgin. Hagenau is an ancient town on the edge of the great forest, with walls built by Barbarossa in

the twelfth century, and the usual quaint timber houses, and a very fine church, mostly Romanesque, gloomily gorgeous with rich frescoes and jewelled glass. The long ride through the forest of Hagenau was delightful to me, but Schultz had again to do battle with his old enemies the flies. At Surburg, we bought a pennyworth of plums from the trees—more than we could comfortably carry with us—and sat down for lunch and a siesta in the shadow of a cemetery just outside the village. We found we had bought a good deal more lunch than our appetite warranted: so I offered the decent remains of our ham and sausage to a poor woman who came past, toiling at a heavy wheelbarrow. I shall never forget the undisguised loathing with which she refused it, turning her head and motioning me away with outstretched hand; now at last we realised what unmitigated tramps we must appear, to the common folk at least.

The heat had been tremendous to-day, and we felt it most after our siesta, during the ride from Surburg to Weissenburg, over a pretty road, but one which bobbed up and down among the outlying spurs of the Vosges, and could boast no shade but that of the usual fruit-trees. At Weissenburg, we adjourned at once to a little inn

opposite the station, and sat there for half an hour drinking soda and milk, and gradually cooling down to something like mere fever-heat. We found the old town picturesque even beyond our expectations, with crumbling towers and walls; the river running through the streets, under the irregular white gables of real mediæval houses; a magnificent Gothic church of red sandstone, with ancient glass in the windows; and behind the town a spur of the Vosges, whose forests come down almost to the walls. It was under cover of these woods that the Crown Prince's forces massed on the night of the 3rd of August 1870, and burst out at dawn upon the too confident French, who were cooking their breakfast when the first shells fell into their camp. Here, since there was a river, it must be possible to bathe again; and in fact we learnt that we had the choice of two baths—a public establishment close by, or a private one half a mile off. We elected the latter, and found a footpath that led us up from the Abbey church, and past an old water-gate, into the meadows above the town, where we presently came across a characteristic German country inn, half-mill, half-hostelry, with a little shed for bathers near the dam. Here we paid only a penny each for our towel and private cell, all as neat and clean as

could be. No doubt they calculate that he who comes to bathe remains to booze; and it was evident that this was usually the case; but they made no attempt to press drink upon us, and took it quite naturally when we gave up our towels and went straight away.

Poor Schultz's legs were a terrible sight in that cell, and my heart bled for him; yet I hastened in self-defence to plunge first into the water, lest I should find it so many degrees the hotter after his entrance; I fully expected to see it hiss when he dipped his ankles in, and indeed, at this distance of time, I am not at all sure that it did not. It was already, they told us, at 19° Réaumur, which would correspond to about 75° Fahrenheit; but it was heavenly all the same, and we only mourned to think that in half an hour's time we should be as hot as before.

Schultz went to get shaved after our bath, and I to forage for *pâté de foie gras*. We had meant to allow ourselves this extravagance at Strassburg, but all the shops had been shut on that holiday evening. Indifferent as a rule to the needs of the flesh, Schultz does frankly admit to a weakness for this particular delicacy, and exhorted me to leave no stone unturned while we were yet in Alsace, and there was some chance of

success. I enquired diligently, and was directed at last to a certain confectioner's—one of those shops which still survive in Cathedral cities and suchlike old-world places—long established, too proud to advertise themselves with new shop-front and big show-windows, but supplying the best article at a not too extravagant price. So I went in and had a very pleasant chat with the presiding genii of the establishment, a mother of about sixty and a daughter of about forty, strikingly like each other, with handsome dark grey eyes and low purring voices, and dignified old-world manners. They brought me up their smallest size of *pâté* from so cold a cellar that the case felt like a delicious lump of ice in my hands; also, from the same storehouse, a bottle of kirsch—"le vrai kirsch de la Forêt Noire," which they bought every year in considerable quantities, mainly for the use of their relations, who were officers in the French army. They spoke French, as the banker had done when he changed my £5 note: they evidently did not care to go into reminiscences of the war, but the younger lady explained to me the direction of the Geisberg—I could not fail to recognise it by the three poplars—"mais c'est une bien triste histoire!" she added, with a shrug of her shoulders.

We went back to our little inn-garden by the station, and there ordered bread and beer wherewith to enjoy our pâté. The mother was still ironing—she had no doubt been at it all day long—under a sort of large open shed, with her elder daughters helping her or sewing at the same table. The father came round for a moment with one of the sons from the barn where he had been unloading a cart full of fresh-dried sheaves; they sat down for two or three minutes together, and then rose up and went each to his own work again. It was a sight that at once heartened and rebuked us, to see this busy untiring housewife—she didn't look strong, poor woman, but how could she be, with this dozen or more of children!—but to see how she kept to her work through all this heat, only pausing now and then to wipe the beads from her forehead; and how beautifully neat she kept all her brood in their clean print dresses, down to the very youngest that was playing with the baby in its cradle.

We started for Speyer happily enough; the sun was just down, and the Geisberg with its memorial poplars stood out dark against the sky. There was only one old Bauer in our compartment, a man between sixty and seventy, big and rawboned,

with a face like an enormous monkey; as brown and wrinkled as a walnut, with broad cheek-bones and enormous ears, and perfect white teeth in his wide mouth, and little eyes that puckered almost out of sight when he smiled. We asked him about the battle, and plied him with cigars—a rather small and dainty brand, which he accepted with great condescension, and despatched in half a dozen huge puffs, and accepted again with a half shrug of his shoulders. But as to the battle he was communicative enough. Yes, that was the Geisberg, where the thickest of the fight had raged. He had seen a good deal of it himself, from his own fields where he had just gone out to work—and the noise of the cannon! . . .

Then he hadn't fought in it himself?

No; he was already in the reserves by then; but he had fought in '66.

In '66? But where did the French fight in '66?

He wasn't a Frenchman, but a Bavarian; his farm was over there, some two miles away from the frontier. This little stream here was the frontier.

"Then you had lots of French friends about?"

"Oh yes, plenty! There was my sister, for instance; she was married in

Weissenburg, and of course she was French. Look at this house now" (a cottage some two hundred yards away from the station). "I went there after the battle, and saw the dead piled like logs of wood in the garden and round the house, one on the top of another. . . . And that next farmhouse, there; they picked up two hundred shakos in that farmyard alone! . . . Look at this great flat field out towards the Geisberg. That's where the French cavalry came across; they came springing across down that gentle slope—but they had to go back; they couldn't face the bullets. . . . I tell you, the French fought well, but the Prussians came down as thick as snowflakes, and they fought well too."

"You found that out in '66, of course."

"Oh yes, in '66!" He made a wry face, and in two or three puffs the rest of the cigar melted away. I offered him another, but he thanked me and said the train was just at his station. He got out with a friendly farewell, and left us to ruminate on the life of these border folk, who till their fields up to the very edge of a little stream that separates them from another country, and rise 'up one morning as usual; and behold instead of work a battle, and a harvest of dead men's shakos in your neighbour's farmyard!

Three or four others got into our stuffy little compartment at this station ; we found the heat stifling, and twice we had to change trains ; but we reached Speyer at last, at about ten o'clock. Here again, as at Freiburg, we found all the better inns crowded, and were fain to content ourselves at last with a most unangelic " Engel," and a bedroom exposed to such influences as old Burton reckons among the prime causes of melancholy, viz., those of a stableyard under the windows. Of all our cheap lodgings during the whole tour, this alone was in any degree nasty ; and even here, though we lay down in some trepidation, and nothing but extreme weariness had kept us from passing on to try our chances elsewhere, yet the bed-clothes were clean to the eye, and no hidden beasts of prey fell upon us while we slept.

CHAPTER XXV

“Every Englishman seems to be born with the instinct to get away from his home, and yet at the same time to love it better than the strange town or country in which he seeks his fortune.”

Neues Wiener Tageblatt, 1898.

THERE is a fine old gate at Speyer, and a cathedral which for nearly five centuries was the burial-place of the German emperors; but everything else of any antiquity was destroyed by the soldiers of Louis XIV., and again by the armies of the French Revolution, who threw the Imperial ashes into the Rhine. We started at leisure, since we had little more than twenty miles to ride; but the day was even hotter than any of our previous experiences, and poor Schultz could only just endure his ankles by stuffing his stockings with fresh cool leaves. I took off my socks at the same time and stuffed my shoes with grass; an arrangement which seemed to work admirably, though Schultz told me later on, with malicious glee, that he had watched me riding through the streets of Worms with a conspicuous frill of grass round each ankle

and several inches of bare flesh also visible. A little way before we got to Mannheim, a native cyclist picked us up and stuck close behind me—for the road was only practicable for one abreast. He was so anxious to get up a conversation that he kept overlapping my wheel, and once or twice even touched it, with his own. He was an engineer in one of the large works at Ludwigshafen; I need not speak German to him, for, though he had never been in England, yet he could spik-ingleesh a little; just as, without having learnt it since more than one month, he could already ride the wheel pretty well, as we might see. I asked him one or two questions about the road to Worms, and had just begun to realise that it was hopeless to make him understand in English, when I heard a great clatter behind me, and looked round to see him grovelling in the dust, and an old market-woman running to pick him up.

We got our left luggage out of the office at Mannheim, and put it in charge of the boat officials, who warned us that the boat would start late to-day; then we started again for Worms. A stall in the market-place invited us to alight and drink milk and soda at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. a pint; and here, with incautious forethought, I bought eggs and butter for our lunch at Worms,

and tied the paper parcel behind my tool-bag, feeling too lazy to pack it in any other way. The ride to Worms is dull enough ; we could only say that, after all, it was a few degrees better than the train. We went round the town, and then bought fruit and came down to the waterside to cook our lunch on the grass, under a great poplar avenue. Here, I was more pained than surprised to find that my butter and eggs had been jolted and baked into a rudimentary omelette, part of which had trickled down upon my camera-case, but the greater part, fortunately, into the road. Schultz enjoyed the joke far too thoroughly to regret the loss of part of our lunch ; and indeed it was almost too hot to eat, and we were in a hurry to get the luggage we had sent on from Bâle, whereby we might enjoy another change of clothes. I draw a veil here over my friend's raptures at casting off those Nessus-stockings and getting into cool clean flannels that no longer left his ankles defenceless to every fresh tormentor.

It was plain from what they told us at the office that our Netherlands boat would not bring us to Mainz before the post-office closed ; so we made up our minds to take the Köln-Düsseldorfer, which was just about due. After waiting half an hour or so, we began to doubt whether even this would do, and went along the

quay to make fresh enquiries at the office. The ginger-headed youth was sitting at a desk in his shirt sleeves, with papers spread in front of him. Both windows were open, but his face and bare arms glistened with perspiration, and the smoke of his cigar curled straight upwards. I tapped at the little glass wicket to attract his attention; he turned his head languidly for a moment, and then looked out of the window again, with a faint puff at his cigar. I tapped again. "Wollen Sie so gut sein . . ." but he did not deign to look round this time. I was contemplating stronger measures, when I heard a voice behind me. "Won't come to the window, won't he? I can see he wants some plain English, he does!" The words came from a tall, sporting-looking youth in a very stiff straw hat and very high collars, and a yellow homespun suit, with bright blue bird's-eye waistcoat. He opened the office door and walked straight in, and I after him.

"I say, when's this Damp Ship of yours coming up for Mayns?"

"It is to start at two-twenty."

"I know that; but when is it *going* to start? that's what I want to know."

"The boat is sometimes a little late."

"Well, look here, I've missed one train already, counting on your Damp Ship ——"

“It is one word in German,” remarked the clerk, “and we call it *Dampfschiff*——”

“Well, I call it a Dampfschame, and if —— . . .” but at this moment we heard Schultz calling out that the boat was in sight, and the newcomer followed me out, growling as he went about Dampfschiff and Dampfschame and Dampfdutchmen.

It turned out to be a false alarm, but we found Schultz philosophising with a glass of beer under the inn verandah, and our friend forgot his wrath at the sight. “Get me a glass, Miss!” he called out to the wide-eyed German waitress, “and another for this gentleman.” She understood his gestures, if not his words; and he sat down with a sigh of content, and begged me to introduce my friend and myself. His own name was Jackson — William Burrows Jackson — and he would feel honoured if we would allow him to stand drinks all round. He liked to see English faces—though my friend had a rather German-looking hat, if we would excuse the remark. Schultz apologised for the unpatriotic shape of his straw; he had chosen it for protection against the heat.

“Well, yes, it is hot for these kind of clothes. I feel a bit warm myself; but I shall be in a warmer place before long, I can tell you . . . No, no, not that” (catching a smile on our faces); “but I hail from

Argentina, I do ; and I guess I shan't be long getting back there, now. I like this here beer, but I don't like their nightshirts and their other ways. Here, miss ! another glass of the same ! " And William Burrows Jackson wiped his moustache with a sigh.

" But you're English, aren't you ? "

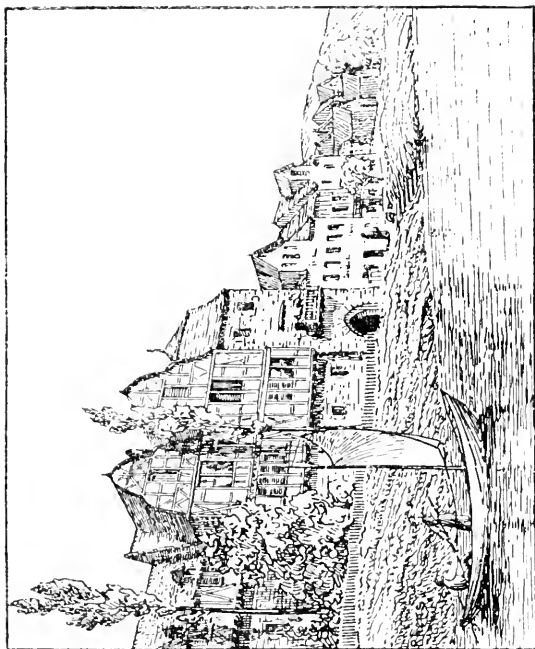
" Down to the backbone ; only I ain't ever been over here before. Father's got a big ranche out there ; went out in 18— ; found there was nothing to do at home ; he bowled for Rugby, father did, only he didn't seem to find anything to do in England, so he's been out there ever since, except when he came home to get married. It don't do to marry those Spanish women. . . . Yes, they're mostly Spanish round us ; but *we* don't trouble ourselves about *them*. Father don't talk Spanish ; I don't neither, except you must know a word or two for the cowboys and that sort of thing. Mother, she talks a little ; but when they come to us, they talk English fast enough ; they always can if they like, so why the Dickens should we go and take the trouble to learn theirs ? That's what I always say to the Spanish chaps, and they can't find anything to say agen it. . . . Look at that fellow in the office here ; what did you get out of him with your German ? Now, they *understand* English, they do ; they know

that means business. I've been about a good deal these three months, and I never cared a blow about any foreign language except once, and that was in Paris. . . . I say, you fellows aren't getting on with your liquor! Here, Miss!"

We assured him that he mustn't mind us; and I asked him how he had liked Paris.

"Oh, middling; that ain't half a bad town of theirs, if it wasn't for the foreigners. I don't like foreigners. But I chummed up one day with a young chap that had been in England—Jewls Dewboy his name was—he gave me his card and wanted me to go and put up at his hotel in the Quarter Latin—I came across him outside the Pal-lyroyl and stood him a deejewner. . . . Oh yes, I do talk a little French sometimes; that pleases them; it's like with the cowboys. Besides, *that* ain't any meal that you can call with a decent English name, a deejewner isn't—same as this Damp Ship—you can't call it like an honest steamboat! . . . So we arranged to meet again and have dinner at the same place; and he turned up right enough and another fellow with him, that he called Asheel. He had a cycle with him this time, and wanted me to look and see what was the matter with it; and I said I'd never been on one. And they said they thought

every Englishman could ride. 'So he can,' says I, 'if he wants to.' You may bet your boots I wasn't going to give the old country away like that! They only laughed, and I said to Jewls—'Look here,' says I, 'I've never had my legs across one of them machines in my life; but what'll you bet I don't get straight up on yours and ride a hundred yards?' He only laughed again, and said something in French to Asheel, and he laughed too; so I up and caught hold of the handles, and shinned up somehow, and the brute shied and ran right across the road all among the cabs and buses; but I stuck on by the skin of my teeth, and it landed me a good way down on the other pavement, with the drivers pulling up their beasts right on their haunches and yelling at me like mad. So now I knew a bit how it worked; and I got up again, and kept the whole thing well in hand this time, and came back to the proper side, and right into a fat foreigner that was slinking along close by the pavement, and buckled up his front wheel and came right off again myself. He looked at his wheel and began to jabber; and I said, 'What the —— were you doing on your wrong side?' and then Jewls and Asheel came up, and I said, 'Ask him what the —— he was doing on his wrong side!' They said he wasn't;



RHENS, NEAR COBLENZ

everybody kept to their right in France ; and the fat beggar grabbed me by the arm, and shook his fist in my face—regular blubbering, he was—I'd have given him a couple of quid and welcome if he'd been civil, but he went on cussing at me so, I said I'd be shot if I would ! Just then there came a big crowd all down the street, shouting and waving flags and hustling the people all off the road ; and I knew what that was, because I'd seen it every day in Paris, and read all about it in the papers. So just as they came up to us, I shook the old fellow's hand off, and yelled out 'Conspewey Dreyfus ! Conspewey Dreyfus !' and knocked his hat off. One of the beggars trampled on it and caught the old fellow by the collar ; and I saw the fat was on the fire, so I just shinned off round the corner as fast as I could. To tell the truth, I didn't feel very comfortable just then ; they did go for him something cruel, and I thought they might find out their mistake and go for me instead ; so I took care to get on a good way before I stopped. There was a sort of square, with a railway station at one end, and a big statue of a woman with a ribbon bonnet on her head——"

"The statue of Strassburg ?"

"Ah, then that explains it all ! I sat down outside a hotel there, and had a good

honest dinner ; and the waiter'd just gone off to get me change for half a sov., when who should I see but Jewls, sneaking into the other corner of the square with one of those French bobbies after him, and looking all round. They couldn't see me, because I was in a corner behind one of those tubs ; but they went inside the first hotel they came to, and then out I slipped, just across into the station—it wasn't two steps—and stuck down a fiver and said to the ticket clerk, ' Charing Cross ; first single ! ' Well, the fellow jabbered at me ; but I stuck to my guns, and said, ' First single to Charing Cross, and look sharp, please '—for all the bells were ringing, and fellows running through with bags in their hands, and I was afraid every moment of seeing Jewls after me. So at last the clerk shrugged his shoulders, and gave me a ticket and a whole lot of change ; and I hadn't hardly scooped it all up, when a fellow comes and catches me by the arm and bundles me into the train ; and then I knew I was safe enough——”

“ Here we are at last,” cried Schultz, rising from his seat ; and there, sure enough, was our boat coming round the corner. William Burrows Jackson clung to me and besought me to take his ticket for him. “ Look here—I've got a pocket chock full of money that none of these

beggars will look at—I don't know how the deuce I came by it all! They're most awful liars and swindlers out here; they almost beat the Spaniards for that. Just fancy their saying that this Damp Ship was going to start at 2.20!"

CHAPTER XXVI

“Hanc ego praetulerim toti nostalgicus orbi.”

Horatius ad usum Maritorum.

I CAME back with the tickets to find our new friend continuing his story to Schultz. The train had, of course, landed him next morning at Strassburg, where he had been taken in hand by a traveller in the wine trade, Karl by name, who had begun explaining to him how he could get back to England. There was a train in three-quarters of an hour—“but I said, ‘Not if I know it, young man! I want a good bath and breakfast first, and not one of your roll-and-coffee breakfasts either.’ So he took me to a good slap-down hotel, and we had a regular blow-out together; and then I went down into the cellars with him. They’re jolly good fellows at Strassburg; they regular take you by the arm, and down into their cellars, and you can drink as much as you like.” We intimated that we had been more than once at Strassburg without experiencing any such violent hospitality. “Well,” he owned, “I did give the beggar a quid as a sort of present

when we cleared out ; the cellar seemed a mile long, and all up and down—they said it ran right under the Cathedral—but I couldn't stand that sort of thing every day ; you want to be a German for that ! . . . And then Karl he went on to Heidelberg, and I went with him. That's a ripping place, I can tell you. . . . Look here. . . ." But while we were all attention, he broke in with sudden caution, " Have you ever been at Heidelberg ? "

" I lived there for a year and a half."

" Ah ! " he replied ; and as it was evident that he meant to spare us further revelations about that ripping town, Schultz asked him how he had found his way hither.

" Well, that's just it. Karl, he had to get up early, and go round to a lot of little places ; so I said I'd come on quickly and meet him this evening at Mayns. But when I'd got into that train, I tell you I was well-nigh smothered ! It wasn't so bad at first, but we stopped at two big towns and took crowds of people on board ; and they all came squeezing into my carriage. And then at last we came to this place, and I looked out to see whether we weren't at Mayns, and there I saw a great **WORMS** written up. So I said to the fellow next me, ' That's a queer name for a station ! that's worse than round us, where they're all ' Saints ' and ' Angels. ' Well, he

was too lazy to let on that he knew ; but there was a little black, hairy fellow, like a monkey, in the other corner, and he said, ‘ I spikengleesh.’ So, I said, ‘ Why do they call this place Worms ? ’ ‘ They don’t,’ says he ; ‘ they call it Warms.’ ‘ Well,’ says I, ‘ you don’t need to tell me why they call it warms’ (for it was fit to split the roof off the carriage in that station); so I said, ‘ Here’s for something wet, or else I shall choke in here.’ ‘ You’ll miss the train,’ says he. ‘ Well,’ says I, ‘ I’ve missed better things before, and never cried over it ! ’ So I came along and got a glass of beer ; and I hadn’t got it half down before the guard came in and reeled off a whole list of stations, and then he shook me by the arm and pointed to the door. ‘ You go to Jericho ! ’ I says ; for I’d got my legs well under the table by then ; ‘ I mean to punish this here beer considerable before I’ve done with it,’ and out he went ; and I made the waiter bring me something to eat. He talked English, he did ; and he told me I might go by water if I liked ; I’d only got to come down to the river and ask after the Damp Ship—so here I am ! Look here, what are you going to have aboard here ? Won’t you ? then I will ! ”

He entertained us with many stories of Argentina on the way down to Mainz.

He was pretty well sick of Germany at last ; for one thing, he wanted his luggage, which ought to be in London by now ; he had sent word to his hotel in Paris from Strassburg. Meanwhile he had bought a new dressing-bag ; and every day he got fresh linen and left the old behind. It was not a cheap way of travelling, but father didn't so much mind what he spent so long as he kept his eyes open and looked out for business. For the present, his main business ideas seemed to be that German nightshirts weren't fit for a dog to sleep in, but their beer was ripping, and no mistake. However, he was about sick of it all, and wanted to go home. It was jollier at home than it was here. Look here, would Schultz go with him ? He would pay his passage out, meals and all, and give him champagne on Sundays, and any other wine he chose to name on weekdays. Was it a bargain ? And when Schultz declined, he fell back even on me. He was sick of finding nobody to talk real English to ; even Karl now . . . well, it wasn't the same as a real Englishman. We must positively come and dine with him and Karl at Mainz. We explained that we had to go to the post, and see the Cathedral, and lots of things which would have no interest for him ; but nothing availed us until at last we promised to

dine with him at Cologne next day instead; for he was now resolved to bid farewell to Karl, and come on by boat with us.

I have a great affection for the Cathedral and the older streets of Mainz ; but, to the reader who has not been there, I can only say, Go and see. The whole town was decorating for the Emperor's visit at the end of the week ; and, coming back at dusk to the public gardens by the quay, we found a great fair going on, with the usual gorgeous illuminations and unrivalled monsters on view. We dined on the terrace looking over the river ; and here another faulty addition, and an attempt to foist Italian coin upon us, warned us that we were coming back to civilisation. Our Dutch boat, with all its delays, had been expected here about nine o'clock ; but we now learned that it was certain not to come in before ten ; so we sauntered into the town again before coming back to the wharf. She might arrive at any moment now ; and we waited for her at our ease, lolling on a heap of cotton bales, watching the stars, and the lights on the stream, and our smoke that curled straight upwards in the warm night air. After a long silence, Schultz suddenly burst out, "Poor beggar ! how homesick he was getting !"

"Not a bit of it, if only he had English

nightshirts, and two or three men to talk to all day."

"No, that's not it. . . . He's a sociable beggar, and you're not. . . . You don't know how homesick I've been getting, these last few days ! . . . I've never been so long away since we were married. . . . You don't know, old man !"

I did not know ; but I listened reverently to all that my friend had to say under the silent stars, reflecting all the while that even Solomon had found three things that puzzled him, yea four that he never could make out !

The boat came in about 10.30 ; and we went into the saloon to write up our diaries and letters. Just as we were thinking of bed, a Scotchman came on board with his bag, and, after observing us for a moment, said that he believed he had a message for us. He had met at a restaurant a Mr Jackson from Argentina, who had insisted on entertaining him at dinner, together with many other guests of various nationalities, and had finally offered to all and sundry of them a free passage to Argentina, etc., etc. Finding that our Scotchman was going to take the Dutch boat, he had sent a message to us ; he couldn't leave Karl that night, because Karl was a jolly good fellow ; but he would go on by train next day, and catch us up at Cologne.

“ Did he tell you any of his adventures?”
I enquired.

“ Well, if ye ask me, I think the young man is just a wee bit touched in the head. But he gave us a gude dinner for a’ that ; though I’m not sa sure that ye’ll find him at Cologne to-morrow.”

CHAPTER XXVII

"The brain of a true Caledonian."—C. LAMB.

August 18.

WOKE to find the boat just dropping from her moorings at Mainz; the sun shining through a bright haze that deepens as we proceed, and softens all the landscape into charming silver greys; no chance of snapshots, however, though we have a whole-plate camera planted ready on deck after breakfast. Bacharach, Oberwesel, Boppard glide past us between nine and ten, looming faintly through the mist which has thickened suddenly again in the gorge of Bingen, and only begins to clear away a little when we emerge upon Coblenz. Even Schultz, for the present, has had enough of cycling in the sun; and we loll together at the stern and feel very grateful again to our slow, comfortable, Dutch old ship. Not that she is very slow either, to-day; for she spins down on this current at a good fifteen miles an hour, sweeping round the corners with a swish of her great

rudder that raises a delightful whirlpool in the water at our feet, and I for one would gladly hold her back a little, that we might linger a little longer among the old familiar castles and towns. Some Philistine has been restoring the "Katz" and daubing it all over with plaster, so far as we can see from the boat. We are a fortnight too early for the first autumn tints—the poplars standing in pale yellow up that little gorge behind St Goar, and the wild cherries that splash the woods with crimson all the way down. Boppard drops astern now, and then the twin castles of the Two Brothers; and then the Marksburg, and Rhens with its quaint river front and the inn garden on the ramparts where we stopped of old to eat grapes and look up and down the river from castle to castle. One by one we pass the dear familiar sights, glad and sorry to see them again for a moment, and in that same moment to bid them farewell. Even Schultz, now that his ankles are no longer so painful—even Schultz, I suspect now of being one degree less vehement in his longing for wife and children.

By three o'clock we were in sight of the Drachenfels, and went upon the upper deck to make the best of the view. Here we found our Scotch friend of the night

before, finishing a late lunch and lost in hearty admiration of the Seven Mountains, which looked twice their usual size in the silvery haze.

“D’ye know Arrrrrrrrn?” he said to me.

“No,” replied I, never suspecting for the moment that he could be referring to that picturesque island in the Firth of Clyde which, even in its native wilds, is usually contented with a less extravagant superfluity of R’s.

“Weel, there’s something in the conformation o’ these lines that always reminds me of Goat Fell and a little veelage at its fute, as ye see them on the way to Rothesay. . . . Only of course Arrrrrrrrn is the finer view.”

Now that we were in the Firth of Clyde, I knew that the anecdote of the minister of Great and Little Cumbrae was inevitable, and that I must prepare myself to express an opinion on the statue of Hielan’ Mary at Dunoon. Our friend’s own opinion was that Burtns was a good deal overrated—in comparison with other Scotchmen, that is; for of course there was no question of his superiority to mere Southern poets. This reminded us of his compatriot who thought that “Shakespeare’s abeility might warrant the sup-
poseetion” of his being a North Briton;

and we gently led him on to express an opinion on the works of the national bard. Well, he liked them well enough to read, but he thought some of them were a bit too depressing to see acted—too many murders, and suchlike. When he went to the theatre, he didn't want to be "raxed" all over; that was waste of tissue and waste of money at the same time. On the stage he preferred Sheridan—"She stoops to Conquer," Lady Teazle, and all that—but above all, "Our Boys." Had we ever seen "Our Boys"? Well, he'd been to see it ten or a dozen times—and in Edinburgh, mind you, with the best of actors and scenery! And once he had taken his wife and his aunt—"let me see now, what year would that be?—and they were so amused—although I'd explained it all beforehand with the most exact precession—but they were just as amused as if it had been quite a different play!"

He paused here to rectify a trifling omission. The lady above referred to was not, strictly speaking, his aunt, but the second wife of his father's brother, who had been a minister of the Established Kirk. His own half of the family had stuck to beesiness; but this uncle and *his* sons had preferred the learned professions—a meenister, a headmaster, a contributor to the Britannica Encyclopedia, etc., etc.

They were learned men, and therefore unpractical; and, at the best, the so-called professions were miserably paid. Here I joined in with him heartily, explaining with some warmth how many years I had spent in teaching the youth of Great Britain, and what was my present balance at the bank. Schultz, on the other hand, took strong exception to the assumption that idealists were necessarily unpractical; but here we came to Bonn, and I ran ashore to buy milk, postcards, etc., etc. I came back half an hour later to find them still at it, Schultz puffing at his cigar with contemptuous violence; the North Briton clenching his fists in a desperate effort to remain calm, but foaming at the mouth as he exhorted my friend to "just tak' a braad view of the question at eessue!" I feared imminent personal violence, and hastened to divert Mr MacEwan's thoughts by asking him to give me change for ten marks. The tinkle of the siller soothed him; he too had had one outlandish coin palmed off upon him, at the fresh sight of which he began to inveigh against German waiters and German ticket-clerks, and so the bitter dispute was assuaged—"pulveris exigui jactu," as I thought to myself, and chuckled over my successful diplomacy.

We arrived late in Cologne, and could

not count upon starting correspondingly late; so we had only time to buy one or two presents, and fetch our letters, and get a somewhat hasty dinner at our old friend the "Prinz Karl" at Deutz, where you can sit listening to the band and watch the sunset fade behind the Cathedral spires, while the big bells ring for the Angelus, and the lights come out upon the Rhine. Needless to relate, we saw no more of William Burrows Jackson; only, as we returned breathless to the boat, a couple of minutes before she cast off, we found our Scotch friend quite concerned to think she might have gone without us, and wondering what could have induced us to run things so close. Schultz explained that he was a married man, and it had taken him some time to find a suitable present, at which Mr MacEwan chuckled audibly. "Oh, yes, me friend; I used to do that too—at your age. But now I just get a couple of bottles of Oder Collong at Edinburgh, one for me wife and one for me eldest daughter, and they like it every bit as well. . . . May I trouble ye for a light?"

This was the last of our warm Rhine-land nights, and we lingered long on the upper deck, Schultz talking about his five children, and Mr MacEwan giving us the most detailed history of his fifteen sur-

vivors. My pen shrinks from betraying family confidences, or I could record very exactly the ups and downs of Janet's first love, and the gradual downward steps by which Aleck, at the age of twenty-five, had already accumulated debts to the amount of more than seven pounds sterling.

CHAPTER XXVIII

“Et non omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas
Commoda perfluxere atique ingratum interiere.”

LUCRETIVS.

August 19.

WE woke again among the flat banks and great white poplars and brick churches of the Lower Rhine. Bright sunshine again; we had grown to look upon that as a matter of course. We found our old place in the stern, and placidly the whole skein of pleasant memories unwound itself once more. Emmerich, broiling now in the morning sunshine; Nymegen, with its warm purple brick-tints and fresh green foliage; Heukelum and Gellicum, Worcum and Gorcum; Holland Diep dotted with white sails, and Dort asleep again in the heat-haze. But to-day we sweep down on a flowing current; no time now to exchange greetings with the shipwrights, so swiftly do the trim little villages pass away, and are gone. Hardly, after Dort, have we stepped below to pack up our belongings, and here already is Rotterdam in sight! Again we load our patient machines and walk them across to the station; again

we beat off the swarms of porters who gather round to hinder us and to collect baksheesh ; and now our good steeds are registered through to their destination and our luggage safe in the cloakroom, and we have more than five clear hours to enjoy Rotterdam. We loiter through the crowded, cheerful market, and buy an excellent little hothouse melon for fourpence. We meet our friend MacEwan again, and pilot him to a sort of A.B.C. in the Hoogstraat, where he studies the tariff with the deliberation of his race, and finally elects "Koffie met Room," and makes no attempt to disguise his disappointment when the drink is brought, and Room turns out to be mere cream. Then we loafed about the town again, and watched the preparations for the approaching celebration of the Queen's majority ; and finally came to anchor at a restaurant where we could eat our dinner and look out upon the throng of cheerful Dutch faces that streamed by us along the pavement. At last the hand of our restaurant clock creeps on to ten, and we have to make our way back to the station ; and, as we squeeze ourselves and our luggage into the already somewhat crowded train, and cockney voices force themselves again upon our ear, we feel that our holiday is really drawing to a close.

The clouds had come up at sunset, after all this hot weather; but the sea was as smooth as glass, and we had soon collected wraps, and packed ourselves comfortably side by side upon a seat on deck. Here we waited for sleep to come at her good pleasure, talking over the past three weeks, and already planning other tours for the long bye-and-bye. Just one thin paring of a new moon had peeped out from the clouds after sundown, and sent back our thoughts to the night when we saw her last at her full, behind the Emmerich laurustinus-leaves :

Yon rising moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane,
How oft hereafter rising look for us
In that same garden—and for both in vain!

Will she ever see us again there, and watch our boat pass under the Drachenfels, and rise in crimson before us through the evening mist at Bingen? But it seems too ungrateful to ask the question now, after three weeks as full of pleasure as three weeks can hold, and while the meat is still in our mouths! That is the worst of travelling, that it makes you so restless to travel again!

We were on the verge of sleep when a soft patter of rain drove us down below; and at our next waking the ship was already almost within sight of Harwich

spire, and English fishing-boats flitted about us in the thin morning mist. The ship was a little late, and we found our trains already snorting to be off; so here on the platform we parted with a hurried word of farewell, Schultz to London, and I to the North; but to meet again in a few weeks' time.

And now we have traced the Rhine from mouth to source, from source to mouth again: day by day we have watched the changing faces of fresh lands and fresh people, drinking at the same stream, but strangers to each other. For these three weeks the waters had seemed to be our very own, flowing to grace our summer holiday. We have parted from them now, and the mere memory is a reminder of man's transience in the face of Nature.

Labitur et labetur.—Thousands of years hence, when our bones are fossilized, and future students shall pore over our skulls, wondering that such an antiquated build of a man can ever have existed, and future historians shall rack their brains to piece together some sort of patchwork idea of nineteenth century civilisation—thousands of years hence, those clear green waters will flow as fresh from the mountains as they ran for us this August, and as we hope they will some day run for us again.

Yet, whether we visit them or whether we forbear, none the less will they flow on, as near an example of eternity as anything that we can see on earth. And, to those who have once lingered by the upper waters of the Rhine, the memory remains from that time forth as an unfading possession. Negretti and Zambra may mark 90° in the shade; we may creep out to lunch, and sit despondingly in face of the liquefied butter; and crawl back again along the shady side of the street, devoutly hoping that the man who first invented the "silk hat" is at present wearing one of red-hot steel; but we can never be utterly forlorn, with this memory in our soul. Some trifle suddenly recalls the old days—if only the two wizened laurels in tubs, as unhappy in their exile as Tartarin's baobab, that stand by the door of some tavern, under an advertisement of Munich beer—if only some glaring railway advertisement of Swiss tours—something is sure to strike the right cord, and then it all comes flooding back upon our soul; the colour, the rush of it, the cool spray on the breeze, and the dark pines, and blue distance, and faint white peaks among the clouds, and the pleasant, friendly, sun-burnt people—and we know once more that there is balm in Gilead. "Do I view this world as a vale of tears? Ah, reverend

sir, not I ! ” I see Sentis and Glärnisch, and the great lakes ; the falls, the rapids, the thousand quaint old towns ; I hear the murmur of the river as it lulled me to sleep night after night ; amid these crowded streets and ungrateful occupations the memory has suddenly welled up again as fresh and green and cool as ever ; the very wilderness of London blossoms as the rose—

“ Bright volumes of vapour down Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.”

APPENDIX

It may be worth while to add here a few items of information for anyone who might think of following our route.

(1) *Travelling Expenses*—

(By boat and rail, 1400 miles in all; including tips, and carriage of bicycles and of such light luggage as we generally sent on to await us in the evening) . . . £5 4 0

(2) *Hotel Bills*—

(Including cabins and food on board steamers, together with all expenses for food, washing, waiters, sightseeing, etc. —19 nights, from London to London) . . . 6 13 6

Total . . . £12 2 6

By rail we travelled third class, except on the expresses to and from the Hook and Rotterdam, and from Colmar to Strassburg. Third class is perfectly comfortable for all but very long journeys.

On the Rhine boats we travelled first, and had a very comfortable little cabin with two berths and a couch.

Our cheapest beds were at Ilanz (1s. 3d. each), and our dearest at Schaffhausen (2s. 6d. each). By asking prices and looking at rooms beforehand, one can find clean and cheap rooms at all but the most tourist-haunted places.

The above statement accounts for everything spent on the tour, except stamps and postcards, photographs, cigars, and presents.

(3) *Distances*.—From London to Mannheim and back is roughly 800 miles, and we did a further 600 miles by rail and boat, and 591 by bicycle (of which about 90 covered the same ground as the boat). I subjoin detailed bicycle measurements, carefully recorded at the time from the cyclometer; the discrepancy between these details and the total gives a measure of the extra work we did in wandering about towns, turning aside for views, etc., etc.—extras amounting sometimes to 8 miles a day.

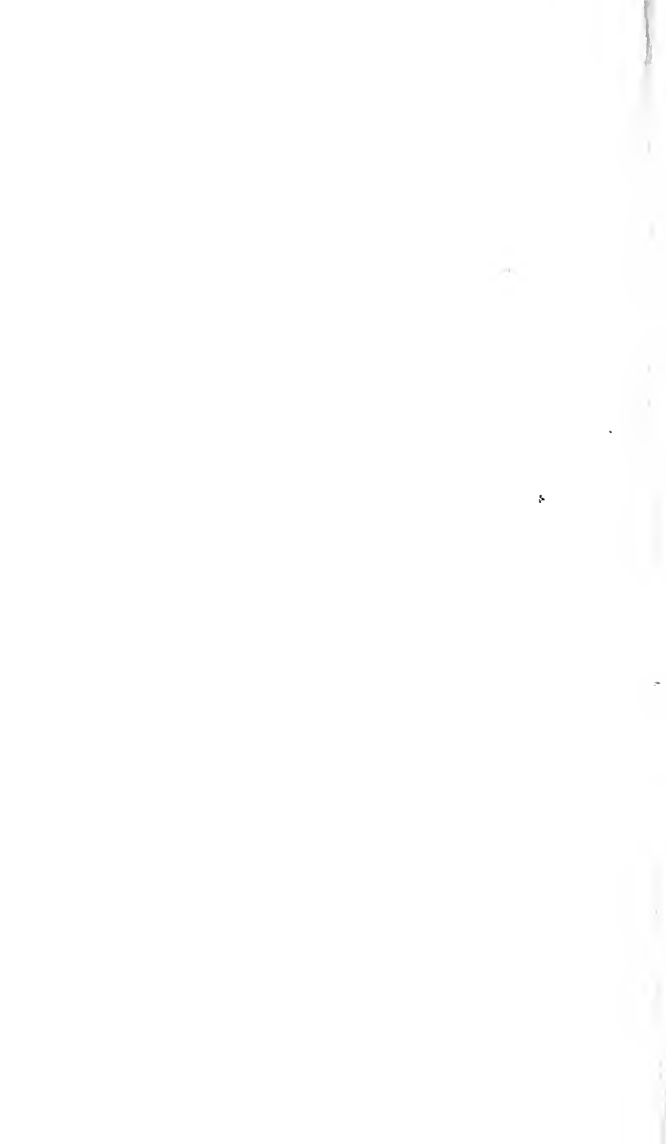
Nymegen-Emmerich, 22; Zons-Cologne, 25; Andernach-Bingen, 59; Bruchsal-Maulbronn, 19; Maulbronn-Oos, 47; Oos-Offenburg, 28; Donaueschingen-Neuhausen, 28; Uetliberg-Brunnen, 36; Brunnen-Fluelen, $8\frac{1}{2}$; Goeschenen-Ilanz,

42; Ilanz-Sargans, 39; Friedrichshafen-Meersburg, 12; Constance-Stein, 18; Schaffhausen-Neuhausen, 3; Neuhausen-Bâle, 62; Bâle-Freiburg, 41; Freiburg-Colmar, 29; Strassburg-Weissenburg, 41; Speyer-Worms, 28.

We very seldom found the roads really bad, but equally seldom really first-rate, from a bicyclist's point of view.

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